

THE READER'S DIGEST



THIRTY-ONE ARTICLES EACH MONTH
FROM LEADING MAGAZINES • EACH
ARTICLE OF ENDURING VALUE AND
INTEREST, IN CONDENSED AND
COMPACT FORM



MARCH 1922

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The Reader's Digest

The Little Magazine

Vol. 1

MARCH 1922

No. 2

The Reader's Digest is successful beyond all anticipations. From the many enthusiastic letters endorsing our proposed magazine, before it was actually launched, we had confidence that it would be favorably received.

The first issue, however, evoked far greater enthusiasm than was ever expected. The Editors are more than grateful to the many subscribers who have expressed their very hearty appreciation of the "The Little Magazine."

Even more encouraging is the fact that so many charter members of our Association are taking a personal interest in extending the Membership.

Many have mentioned showing The Digest to their friends.

Others have subscribed at once for some friend or relative.

A considerable number have already sent us lists of persons who would likely be interested in this unique publication.

Your friends would be delighted to learn of this time-saving Digest, whereby one can read each month—without long hours of searching—31 articles of enduring value and interest, selected from all the leading magazines.

Send us the names of your friends—they will appreciate your courtesy. A blank for the purpose is provided on pages 105 and 106.

LILA BELL ACHESON.

Remarkable Remarks

From The Independent and The Weekly Review

GEORGE ADE—You can lead a boy to college but you can't make him think.

THOMAS MOTT OSBORNE—Only three per cent of the total charged with murder in the first degree are convicted.

DR. FRANK CRANE—If you are not curious it is a sign that you are stupid.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS—Keep a smile on your face till 10 o'clock and it will stay there all day.

LILLIAN RUSSELL—Let the clean wind blow the cobwebs from your body. Air is medicine.

BISHOP CHARLES D. WILLIAMS—There are some saints who are as hard and uncomfortable to live with as it would be to wear a starched undershirt.

DR. ANNA C. BLONT—A Vassar graduate has an average of one-half a daughter and a Harvard graduate two-thirds of a son.

LADY DUFF-GORDON—You can wear a gown for six seasons provided your boots and hat are smart.

PUBLISHER GEORGE P. BRETT—The best slang of today becomes the language of tomorrow.

MILE. CLEMENT—A German looks down at a woman, an American looks up to a woman and a Frenchman looks at a woman.

J. H. BARRETT—The art of closing a sale is this: As soon as you see that the customer is favorable, take it for granted that he has decided to buy and change the subject to a detail of shipment or quantity.

J. OGDEN ARMOUR—Enthusiasm is the dynamics of your personality.

MOVIE ACTRESS EDNA PURVIANCE—I should like an American for a husband, an Englishman for a lover, a Frenchman for a playmate, a Belgian for a friend, and an Italian for a soul mate.

HAROLD MACGRATH—Her voice was like the G string of an old Strad.

EDWARD BOK—A great deal of the trouble in the world comes from writing letters.

DR. FRANK CRANE—Opportunity's knuckles are skinned knocking at your door.

MAUDE ADAMS—Never wear more than three colors at a time.

ARNOLD BENNETT—No feminine raiment has ever equalled the classic Greek.

HUGH FULLERTON—Some folks will believe anything about you so long as it is the worst.

ARTHUR BRISBANE—The flying machine which will make a trip across the ocean cost eventually less than fifty dollars, will let everybody see and know the world.

HAROLD MACGRATH—Humdrum is not where you live; it's what you are.

PRIMA DONNA GALLI CURCI—No girl should marry before she is thirty.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER—But for my wife's business sagacity, I would still be a poor man.

ED. HOWE—After a woman has looked at a man three or four times she notices something that should be changed.

E. L. EDSON—I learn more by letting the other fellow tell all he knows than I learn by telling him all I know.

W. F. FITZGERALD—The financial world possesses a large number of men of big means who are willing to loan the use of their names for \$10 or \$12 a month and whose only interest in the corporation is the gasoline money which they collect.

MARGUERITE M. MARSHALL—A woman's heart is a bureau drawer filled with perfumed sachets of sentimental memories.

ROY K. MOULTON—The trouble with some laundries is that instead of cleaning the collars they only sharpen them.

REV. J. H. OLMSTEAD—The early bird catches the work.

Throwing Away Our Birthright

Digested from The North American Review

WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER

A new slant on immigration that makes one think of this question in more personal terms.

MANY years ago, Mr. Joseph Lee wrote: "The English sparrow seems to me typical of the sort of immigrant that gives rise to an immigration problem. Like the great mass of undesirable accessions to our population he was brought over on the theory of the need of immigrant labor. It was thought that the native birds were incapable of dealing with the worms that were eating the elm trees, and the English sparrow was sent for because he represented the cheapest labor in sight applicable to that particular job. His coming very soon gave rise to the question whether the sparrows were not worse than the worms, to which William Travers made his famous reply: 'I d-dunno. N-n-never had the sparrows.' Certainly he has had the effect of driving out our native birds, at least from the Eastern cities.

I have seen no more pertinent illustration of the manner in which our immigration system works. The introduction of the potato bug might also be cited; but the harm done by these importations has been multiplied a thousand fold by our reckless treatment of the immigration problem.

A momentary pause has come as a result of the Great War, and the enactment of the temporary three per cent restrictive law, which expires on June 30 next; but in a few months the question will press upon us again, and upon our decision of it the welfare of the country may depend for many years; and not merely the welfare, but the very preservation of the United States as the nation which the founders planned.

Numbers do not make a nation strong. Only the character of its people can make it strong. Is it not time that we should abandon the delusion, which misled our fathers, that our principles were so beautiful and sound and just that even the untutored savage would adopt and practise them merely on knowing them? Principles cannot be crammed as a boy is for his examination; they are of slow growth.

In the earlier years, the fact that a man was an immigrant presupposed that he had initiative and other virtues which made him a desirable accession to a new country. But later the immigrants came less from Western Europe, and more from South-eastern Europe and Asia and were drawn from the least desirable strata of population. They had not succeeded at home, but they hoped to do so here.

Another factor tended to increase enormously the volume of immigration and to debase its quality. This factor was the steamship companies. They combed Italy and South-eastern Europe for passengers. Stories of the sudden enriching of the immigrants in America were circulated with great effect. Posters were exhibited in remote villages in which a ragged peasant might be seen embarking on the steamer, and next year, driving down Fifth Avenue, New York, in his own limousine with a huge solitaire stud blazing on his shirtfront.

The prosperity of America—physical, moral, intellectual and spiritual—should be the first consideration. "Big Business" proved as careless of higher issues as did the steamship companies. Not high minds or souls, but "hands" were needed to construct a subway or a railroad. But we found that even "hands" can exercise an unexpected influence, as Socialists, Anarchists, or as all sorts of cranks. Many of them, coming from countries in which ideals very different from

ours flourished, wished to spread and perpetuate those ideals. They naturally thought that our ways and principles were wrong and bad. It was much easier to smash ours and to go on with theirs.

Any inspection by the Immigrant Bureau which is limited to a minute or less for each case cannot be thorough. It is impossible to find out what a man is thinking or planning; it is impossible to detect much insanity and loathsome disease in so hurried an examination. One means would be to have prospective emigrants examined by an American official at the American Consulate abroad. Then, if he is found unfit and denied passport, he cannot make the voyage over here and either be turned back or succeed in sneaking his way past our immigration authorities. It was notorious a few years ago that a certain European Government made a business of shipping imbeciles and incompetents to the United States. If the inspector fails to discover some elusive mental disease in some immigrant who hurries by, becomes a resident, marries and has a family, the immigrant may propagate insanity which would run through generations. This is no imaginary evil. With the small force employed by the Immigrant Bureau it is impossible to consider our inspection as adequate.

We must not forget that our inspectors are obliged constantly to circumvent the attempts of friends of immigrants, who, for whatever reason, work for their admittance.

The present immigration law bases the admission of immigrants upon percentages, each nationality being entitled to a certain proportion of the total number of persons belonging to that nationality already in the United States. One defect in this rule is that it does not cover the total number of naturalized members of the given nationality.

Do we need more immigrants? To-day there are said to be nearly 3,000,000 persons out of work in the United States. Can we be regarded as a sane people, if we add by immi-

gration a million a year to the number of unemployed? What we need is that the laborers already here should *labor* and give an honest day's work for an honest day's pay.

Foremost among the terms on which immigrants will be admitted to the country is the consideration of health. Eastern Europe is in the grip of four epidemics—typhus, typhoid, dysentery and tuberculosis. It is from those countries that great caravans of miserable human beings are winding their slow march westward in the hope of reaching ports from which they can be taken to the United States. From two million to ten million Germans are said to be waiting to emigrate to the United States, the health of many of whom has been undermined. By what argument should we assume the responsibility of caring for the suffering and curing, if we can, the derelicts and diseased of Europe and Asia?

No true American will consent to the admission to our country of foreigners who will lower its standard in health, in morals, in intelligence, or in patriotism. Until we realize that we have inherited a sacred trust and that we must preserve it sacredly, we too are but imperfect Americans.

Professor Robert De C. Ward says: "Had the millions of immigrants who have come to us within the last quarter-century remained at home, they would have insisted on the introduction of reforms in their own countries, which have been delayed, decade after decade, because the discontent of Europe found a safety-valve by flying to America.

"Our duty as Americans, interested in the world-wide progress of education, of religious liberty, of democratic institutions, is to do everything in our power to preserve our own institutions intact, and at the same time to help the discontented millions of Europe and Asia to stay in their own countries; to shoulder their own responsibilities; to work out there for themselves, what our forefathers worked out here, for us and our children."

A New South. The Boll-Weevil Era

Condensed from The Atlantic Monthly

E. T. H. SHAPPER

1. The 20-year march of the boll-weevil.
2. Farmers as a class lead as optimists.
3. A monument of gratitude to the boll-weevil.
4. The picturesque cotton planter disappearing.
5. The South entering a great, new era.

THE boll-weevil army, which crossed the Rio Grande some twenty years ago, has now reached the North Carolina mountains, and during its long march has changed the economic life of the entire Cotton Belt. So long as we take thought of how and wherewith we shall be clothed, the Cotton South and its problems will excite universal interest. And now, with the Silent Army looting a round billion dollars in a season from the potential cotton crop, it takes high place in our national list of foes.

2. In a study of the problem one meets an odd twist of human nature. Although the weevil has moved eastward for nearly a quarter of a century, and at a practically uniform advance each year, yet, the later victims have seldom learned any lessons from the experiences of the earlier sufferers. For farmers as a class lead as optimists. Probably they would not otherwise continue to farm. Always just ahead he sees brighter skies, better seasons and higher prices. Surely something would happen to prevent boll-weevil from ever coming *here*. Maybe the Mississippi, or the Savannah; above all, the Government.

Another phase of mental stubbornness I frequently found in the farmer's

unwillingness, after the first invasion, to attribute any of the damage which he had suffered to the real cause.

I observed widely different conditions in various localities. At one point, one would find a deserted village—stores closed, homes abandoned, gins rotting. Then, within a few hours' ride, one would find a region of prosperous-looking, freshly painted farm homes, sleek cattle, fat hogs, well-kept highways, modern rural schools.

Everywhere alike cotton had once been the sole money-crop. The secret of the difference lay in the varying human element.

3. Just before the boll-weevil arrived in one Georgia town, the business men quietly organized enterprises new and strange in a Cotton South. A factory for canning syrup and vegetables, a small packing-plant, sweet-potato-curing houses came into being. No attempt was made to scare or drive the farmer, but he was led into the new crops by his desire to get his share of the money offered in these new cash markets. A new era for Southern agriculture had begun.

The relative importance of the various new crops and enterprises varies in different communities, but all are agreed that they will never, under any conditions, return to an all-cotton schedule. The boll-weevil has proved a blessing in so far as his coming has served to destroy the one-money-crop system. Coffee County, in Alabama, has really erected a monument of gratitude to him.

4. Nothing but the boll-weevil, or some similar pest, could have ever broken up the old system, so deeply rooted was it in the very structure of the cotton country. An aristocratic old South is giving way to a truly democratic new South. Cotton-grow-

ing suits the great land baron. Cotton can be produced by the most ignorant labor, on a vast scale with minimum supervision.

But cotton does not prompt the medium, self-supporting live-at-home type of farmer. The world was for a long while more or less dazzled by the splendor, wealth and romance of the great one-crop Southern planter. Only recently has it seen the vast difference between the living-standards of the average farmer in the Cotton Belt and those of the average farmer of the Border States or of the Middle West. But now, with cotton being rapidly relegated to its proper minor position in a well-balanced farming schedule, the very great opportunities offered by the South open up, and begin to attract nation-wide attention. Responsive soils, a mild climate, a year-round open season for the stock-raiser, cheap fuel, trunk-line railways to consuming centres—all these advantages and many others show forth.

Production of cotton could be maintained year after year only by the lavish and constant use of expensive commercial fertilizers. In one of the smallest cotton-growing states, the annual commercial fertilizer bill runs some years as high as fifty million dollars. This is an extra-tax burden on the cotton-farmer. A banker told me, "During the cotton days, most of the money which was paid to the farmers went away to pay up their fertilizer bills. Now the lands are so improved by proper crop-rotation and regular use of home-produced fertilizers, that all the money stays at home and is spent at home."

Any one-crop farming was always a one-man game. No co-operation or community work was necessary for

the individual's success, and this fact tended to prevent the building-up of community life.

5. With diversified farming, the South is changing as never before in its history. The spending of money for better roads is now popular, as the people realize the need of improved highways for the transportation of new and bulky products to the near-by markets. At the same time these roads tend to weld together a hitherto isolated population. Community dairies, central grain elevators, small packing-plants, all these tend to bring to a common meeting-place the inhabitants of an entire county, who soon begin to feel like neighbors.

And by getting better acquainted they soon find out that they like and need each other. Problems of marketing and distribution can't be solved by the farmers alone; but these problems are being solved on a community scale by the farmers and business men together. Thus vanishes the old distrust which has so long existed between town and country, to the detriment of each.

The world must always be clothed; but I see no possible way in which the South can ever again produce very much cotton. But the world will soon demand as much cotton as in years past, or even more; and so, by the great law of supply and demand, a diversified South will receive more per pound for what cotton is produced than was ever known in the days of bumper crops.

With his cotton bringing him a higher price, living at home, feeding himself and his stock, out of debt and with always something to sell for cash, the average Southern farmer will rise up and call Billy Boll Weevil blessed.

ONE OF MANY WHO COMMEND THE SIZE

"By all means never change the size of the magazine. I consider this one of its good features. One rarely finds a periodical that is easily carried while traveling."

The Kiss

Digested from The Forum

EMILE MALESPINE

What History and Travel tell us of the kiss.

1. Prize offered Greek youth most adept in kissing.
2. The three kinds of Roman kisses.
3. The first kisses were religious ceremonies.
4. The ancient kiss of homage.
5. The kiss unknown to some races.
6. Novel substitutes for the kiss.
7. Fruitless attempts to abolish kissing.

HAVE you ever stopped to question why we kiss? Strange question! As well ask, why do we love? For in the rush of emotions that assail us in the act of loving, the kiss and love are inseparable. We kiss because we love. It is an expression of nature, and it seems impossible that there should be any people who do not kiss. But are we sure?

To settle our doubts, perhaps History and Travel can give the answer, as we search briefly through the ages, and observe how at the present time it is manifested among different races.

The kiss seems to have existed since the most remote antiquity. The pagans who worshipped the heavenly bodies paid them their obeisance with a kiss of the hand. Kisses are mentioned frequently in the Bible. Even in the legendary times of the Greeks, the kiss existed.

One writer has sought to prove that the ancients did not know the kiss as we know it:—the union of the

lips, attached by a great crowding of sentiments and sensation, love, desire, fear, respect, modesty, the intoxication of abandonment. Thus the kiss is a mirror of civilization. It is rough and simple among primitive people where ungovernable and barbaric natures seek to satisfy only the brutality and violence of desire. Then as customs are milder, the kiss is more subtle. It alone can be the epitome of love; it becomes spiritualized.

And observe how the kiss gains in importance with the refinements of customs. In the festivals and public ceremonies of the Greeks it held an important place; at the festival of Apollo Philierian, a prize was awarded to the youth most adept in its subtleties.

2. The Romans, as well as the Greeks, knew all its perfections. They had three words for specifying the kiss: the "osculum," the kiss of friendship; the "basium," more tender, was the kiss of relatives, and of husband and wife; finally, the "savium" applied to the kisses of lovers.

3. The first manifestations of the kiss encountered in literature are those which are furthest removed from the kiss of love. Thus the religious kiss, and the kiss of homage, appear rather as ceremonies, than as natural and spontaneous expressions of sentiment. The Bible shows us pagans kissing their idols. The Greeks and Romans had a special veneration for statues: Cicero tells of a marvelous statue of Hercules, of which the lips and the chin were completely worn away by the devotion of the faithful. Among the Christians, the religious kiss existed also. In the primitive church, before the communion of saints, the faithful gave one another the kiss of peace, until Pope Innocent Third abolished it because of the abuses to which corruption of the custom had led. At present in

the ceremonies of the Catholic church, the priest kisses a little silver plate called "paix," and during the celebration of the mass, kisses the altar on several occasions. The faithful kiss the slipper of the Pope, the ring of a bishop, and holy relics.

4. The kiss of homage also has existed since the most remote times. The kings of Israel ordained that in appearing before them, all should prostrate at their feet and kiss the ground. With the Greeks, kissing the knee was employed by suppliants. The Roman citizens marked with a kiss their respect for the principal magistrate, and the soldiers thus gave assurance of their fidelity to their leader. In the middle ages, the kissing of the hand, was homage that a vassal must pay to his lord.

So in different epochs we can find in Europe the kiss in all its forms: the kiss of love, the kiss of friendship, the kiss of homage, and the religious kiss.

5-6. Does it exist in other countries? Darwin says that it is unknown by the Maoris, the Tahitians, the Australians, the Somalis of Africa, the Laplanders, the Eskimos. It would seem, therefore, not a universal expression. But they reveal their sentiments. They rub noses, they tap each other on the abdomen. The Fiji Islanders, as a friendly greeting "hug like the grip of a bear." Some of the native islanders find more tenderness in the contact of noses than in that of the lips.

Among the Chinese, it is said the kiss has a strictly voluptuous significance, and is formed entirely of olfactory impressions. Never in China does the father kiss the child, who,

on the other hand, would not think of kissing his parents. Among the Mongolians, the social kiss—the kiss of salutation and the kiss of homage—does not exist. For them our custom of kissing full on the lips is odious. The natives of one colony, to quiet their children, threaten them with a white man's kiss.

Although we have seen that the kiss is not everywhere the same, I believe it is, nevertheless, basically instinctive. The basic instinct of well-wishing, or of love, is identical in all countries; it tends to draw people closer to each other, resulting in contact. And the lips are the particular "organs of the kiss" because the sensitiveness at this gathering point is far greater than at any other part of the body.

7. A mirror of civilization, the kiss will vary with it. At the present time it is one of the sweetest joys of love, and its usage is universal in civilized countries. It has too large a place in the social life, say the hygienists! Numberless diseases are transmitted by the kiss; it must be forbidden. A few years ago, Mr. Ware, member of the Virginia legislature, formulated a law tending to limit the practice of kissing to those citizens of sound lungs and perfect general health.

There is the practice of kissing the Bible. Dangerous practice! again said the hygienists, and they manufactured a hygienic Bible while waiting for the era of antiseptic mouths. (Journal of Am. Medical Ass'n. 1899).

All of which is trouble wasted. The kiss persists, and will persist, for it is part of our very nature.

ENJOYS LENDING THE DIGEST

"I am greatly pleased with it, and have enjoyed lending it to my friends, all of whom are pleased with it. I shall continue to advertise The Reader's Digest and wish it great success and popularity."—F. G. P., Y. M. C. A., Pennsylvania.

What Patricia Heard From Tokio

Excerpts from Harper's Magazine

FRANCES LITTLE

Author of "The Lady of the Decoration"

1. Flower arrangement takes five years' study.
2. The master must have his beauty sleep.
3. The picturesque tradespeople.
4. The inevitable touch of the artist.
5. Tokio the last word in electrification.
6. The movie censor's private exhibition.

HOUSEKEEPING is no merry experiment, tried out just for fun in the rosy afterglow of honeymoon time. It is a profession, for which a large share of the nation's girlhood goes through a machine-like grilling. Here's how my hostess summed it up:

"Ladies first is not Japanese idea. Of course men protect and take care of women and children, *but* man is always honored and respected high, because he is a man! Women and girls must be taught how to serve him, and not give him trouble at home; then he can take his whole heart and put into his work!"

It is some climbing to attain the proper standard for wifehood. The average girl's education embraces about everything, from picture alphabet to ponderous Chinese classics. She masters the art of making herself mistress, wife, mother and hostess; pigeonholes in her memory recipes for an endless variety of dishes with strange ingredients and impossible names. (The old adage, "The way to a man's heart is over his tongue" was no news to Japanese women.) Then

there's bookkeeping, sewing, and learning to direct many servants.

Flower arrangement takes five years of any young life. With it goes correct standing, which is mostly sitting, precise angle of folded hands, and above all, soft speaking, with reverent silence emphasized when relations-in-law are near. Otherwise, I'd have you know, the young-bride-to-be is hardly worth the three cups of wine consumed in making the twain one—and that one the man.

2. Sometimes the home is servantless. Then wife's first duty, after her own quick toilet, is to slide back the wooden doors which enclose four sides of the dwelling. This makes way for the glory of the sun or the beauty of the mist. She fans the charcoal to a fresh glow and arranges husband's apparel so conveniently near, and with such great care, a semi-blind man could array himself without missing a collar-button.

But listen to the silence with which it is done. There is a reason. The master of the house, "because he is a man," must have his beauty sleep. And you and I and the universal sisterhood of housekeepers will agree it is most desirable that the "He" arrive at the breakfast-table with temper unruffled. Wise lady, she is to have hat, shoes, overcoat and cane ready to be placed on the "precious person of her honorable husband."

3. Between rubs of the morning scrubbing and polishing the many picturesque tradesmen appear on the scene—the fish-man, the egg-man, the chicken-dealer, the vegetable-vendor, and the flower-seller. They come early and linger long with baskets swung from a pole carried across the shoulder. Each one declares nothing grows outside the garden of the gods so rare as the thing he offers. He is so earnest you are almost convinced he's

telling the truth. This precious bit has been grown *especially* for madam. And so very cheap! Does not the lady see with her own honorable eyes? She is so clever. She is good. Also she is beautiful.

Eggs? Surely! That very morning six faithful hens provided twelve fresh eggs for the special needs of this house. And the flowers? Ah! By the space of an hour these blossoms burst into bloom, only to greet her eyes!

4. If home cares grow too tense and threaten her nerves there is always the unmusical koto on which she can twang her troubles in mournful ditties. And it argues not an indifferent housekeeper, but a superior soul that shines up commonplace duties by painting bits of landscape, or writing a poem as dainty as the paper on which it is penned.

In her love of the beautiful, a Japanese woman finds her escape from corroding monotony. No responsibility is too heavy for the natural instinct to find expression.

Maybe it is the way she pounds the rice for the New-Year Mochi, into fluffy, puffy cakes; maybe it's the way she molds the red beans into festive shapes. Perhaps it is the set of her sash, or the joy-compelling rose in her hair. But, whether maid or matron, princess or barefooted field woman, the touch of the artist is inevitable.

5. The fashion does not stop at trolleys. Tokio's night sky blazes with signs, blue and red and orange. Electric heaters relegated charcoal to the Dark Ages. The humblest rice-shop sports an electric machine for polishing grain, and there are electric stoves to cook it on.

6. In the olden days of the theater, pleasure-seekers did not delay till afternoon or evening to begin their holiday. With the first crow of the household bantam the whole family—say of a merchant, wife, babies,

grandfather and grandmother—would arise and begin preparation of food to take with them. They took plenty of time to put on all their best clothes, too, paint and powder and perfume. Then, with a train of servants carrying baskets of eatables, comforts, fans, they started theater-ward.

Once there, they bought one of the big squares into which the floor of the theater was divided, like a giant chess-board. The servants spread the blankets and opened the food-boxes. No hurry. It was usually an hour or two before the stage curtain was pulled aside. But there were next-door neighbors to gossip with and others to sip toasts with. The party made mellow till nine o'clock that night. When home was reached it had to be talked all over.

Now you can see the why of my enthusiasm on being ushered to a movie theater, warm and well lighted, the second floor lined with cushioned chair seats for those who wished. A professional story-teller interpreted the picture that the onlookers might not have to make a guess. Of course I cheered. Wasn't the picture American and the leading man, too? And wasn't the orchestra playing, "Aunt Dinah's Quilting Party?"

The up and coming Far-Old-East still declines to recognize kissing as a symbol of love or anything else. Therefore the censor heartlessly nips them out. Does he destroy them? He does not. He cuts them out of a public picture, pastes them together, and has accumulated some thousands of feet of film kisses of every style and period for private views only.

The postman has just handed me your letter. No, he didn't hand it to me; he bowed it to me.... Here is my love—and a hope that has just been wished on me:

"May all pain be distant from important parts."

LIKES NUMBERED OUTLINE

"The Digest is even better than I anticipated. I think the numbered outline is such a helpful feature."
—Miss F. B. P., Illinois.

What Makes People Laugh?

Condensed from *The World's Work*

CHARLIE CHAPLIN

A little book on Charlie Chaplin will soon be published translated from the French. The following is taken from one chapter.

1. An embarrassing position strikes another's funny-bone.
2. It is still funnier if one attempts to be dignified
3. An audience experiences the emotions of the actors.
4. Comedy is often based on contrast.
5. "I always try to do the unexpected."

THERE is nothing more mysterious about my comicality on the screen than there is about Harry Lauder's way of getting his public to laugh. You'll find that both of us know a few simple truths about human nature, and we make use of them in our jobs. And when all is said and done, the foundation of all success is only a knowledge of human nature.

Now, for example, what I rely on more than anything else is bringing the public before someone who is in a ridiculous and embarrassing position.

Thus, the mere fact of a hat being blown away isn't funny in itself. What is, is to see its owner running after it, with his hair blown about and his coat tails flying. Placed in a ridiculous and embarrassing position, the human being becomes a cause of laughter to his fellow-creatures. Every comic situation is based on that. And comic films had im-

mediate success because most of them showed policemen falling down drain-holes, stumbling into whitewash pails, falling out of carts, etc. Here are people who stand for the dignity of power, often deeply imbued with this idea, and the sight of *their* mishaps is twice as funny as if only ordinary citizens were made to suffer.

2. And still funnier is the person in a ludicrous position who, in spite of it, refuses to admit that anything out of the ordinary is happening, and is obstinate in preserving his dignity.

That is why all my films rest on the idea of getting myself into awkward situations, so as to give me the chance of being desperately serious in my attempts to look like a very normal little gentleman. That is why my chief concern, no matter how painful the position I get myself into, is always to pick up my little cane at once, and put my hat straight and adjust my necktie. "I do not try only to get myself into these embarrassing positions, but I count on putting others also into them.

In one picture I was on a balcony eating an ice with a young lady. On the floor beneath was a stout, respectable, well-dressed lady at a table. While eating my ice, I spilled a spoonful which fell down the lady's neck. The first laugh is caused by my own embarrassment, the second, and much the greater, comes from the arrival of the ice on the lady's neck. One single action has made two people ridiculous

3. Two traits of human nature are involved in this. The public takes pleasure in seeing richness and luxury in distress; also, the public tends to feel in itself the same emotions as the actor on the stage or the screen. Knowing that the ice is cold, the public shivers. Most people are rather pleased when they see rich folks having the worst time. This comes from the fact that nine out of ten human beings are poor and inwardly jealous of the riches of the tenth. Now if I had made my ice fall down the neck of some poor housewife, there would have been a burst of sympathy instead of laughter for the woman. Moreover, the incident wouldn't have been funny because the housewife would have no dignity to lose.

4. Another human trait I often make use of is the general tendency of people to like contrast and surprise. The public likes to laugh and cry, all in a few minutes. For the public contrast makes for interest. In one film I am seen in a sixty-acre field, taking a seed from my pocket and planting it by making a hole with my finger. If I am chased by a policeman I always make him a heavy, clumsy fellow, while I, dodging

between his legs, seem as neat as an acrobat.

It is lucky for me that I am small. Everyone knows that the persecuted little individual has always the sympathy of the crowd. I emphasize my weakness by taking a frightened air.

5. Alongside contrast I put surprise. If I feel convinced that the public are expecting me to proceed along the street on foot, I jump into a cab. In one picture I am seen leaning over the side of a ship. When I straighten myself I pull up a fish on the end of a line—instead of being sea-sick I only have been fishing. It is a perfect surprise and rouses great laughter.

There is a danger—the desire to be too funny. At some plays and films the audience laughs so much that they get completely exhausted. I prefer to scatter the laughter here and there.

I could kill laughter more easily by exaggeration than in any other way. If I overdid my peculiar walk, if I were too brutal in knocking someone over, if I chanced on any excess, it would spoil the film. I prefer a thousand times to get a laugh by an intelligent act than by anything brutal or banal.

JUST THE THING FOR THE BUSY PERSON

"I am rather a busy person and *The Reader's Digest* is just what I have been looking for. My husband and I are both very much pleased."—Mrs. E. A. B., New Jersey.

"Its contents seem like nuggets of gold, just what one is interested in, and wants to know—in a few words which one can read, and remember."—L. M. W., Pennsylvania.

Scientific Progress of the Year 1921

Condensed from Scientific American

1. Unprecedented Engineering projects in East and West.
2. Container cars and trucks will revolutionize freight handling.
3. Battleships not doomed despite bombing tests.
4. Advances in aeronautics.
5. Power plants now being built at mines.
6. Measuring stellar distances no longer guess-work.

AT New York the 30-year-old project for crossing the Hudson River by a great bridge has moved during the year into its preliminary stage of survey, design and organization. What the Hudson River, as an obstruction, has been to New York, San Francisco Bay has been to San Francisco and the great suburb of Oakland and Alameda. Here it is proposed to cross the Bay by a 6½-mile structure, consisting of a great railroad fill, followed by a steel bridge, and by a subway. Each of these engineering works will be unprecedented in magnitude, the Hudson River bridge having a central span of 3240 feet, which is nearly twice the length of any existing span, and the San Francisco Bay crossing being two to three times the length of any crossing of the same general character. It is significant that each of these projects has received its greatest stimulus from the enormous development of automobile travel and motor-truck transportation of freight.

The most interesting event in tunnel construction was the commencement of work on the great vehicular tunnel beneath the Hudson River between New York and Jersey City. Thanks to an unusually elaborate series of experiments by various technical bodies, it has been demonstrated that the carbon monoxide content in this tunnel can be kept at a safe low point by a

properly designed system of ventilation.

The most important proposed waterway is the Great Lakes to-the-sea canal by way of the St. Lawrence. Such a canal would provide an enormous addition to the hydro-electric power of this country and Canada.

2. *Railroad.* The tendency in the United States is toward heavier engines and larger cars. The most powerful passenger locomotive weighs 280 tons and is capable of hauling twelve to sixteen Pullmans at 60 miles an hour on the level; and the largest freight engine weighs 450 tons, and has actually drawn a load of 17,000 tons on an upgrade of two tenths of one per cent.

Port and terminal congestion has reduced the average speed of movement of a car of freight to the low figure of 20 miles per day. Increasing attention is being paid to the improvement of terminal and station yard facilities.

A development full of promise for safe and economical handling of freight is the container car. There is a proposal, which should meet with every encouragement, to utilize the container car in conjunction with the motor truck by building the cars in such units as will match the dimensions of both freight car and motor truck.

3. *Naval and Military.* The outstanding event of the year, at least in the public mind, was the great series of bombing experiments, when the ex-German warships were sunk off the Virginia Capes. The event was spectacular; and that was all. No new facts were developed. The sinking of the battleship "Ostfriesland" by the detonation of 2000-pound bombs below the surface and a few feet from her hull, taught us nothing new. Had the ship been moving at 18 knots, with every anti-aircraft gun trained on the bombing machines; had the "Ostfriesland" been enshrouded in a smokescreen,

made by friendly destroyers; had the bombers been subject to the disturbing elements of wind and weather—well, that would have been another story. In brief, nothing happened off the Virginia Capes to “sound the knell of the battleship.”

4. *Aeronautics.* The outstanding fact in American aeronautics is that the United States is still awaiting the passage of a Federal law for the licensing of pilots, the inspection of machines, and the general encouragement and control of the industry. As matters stand, any man is at liberty to buy or build an inferior machine, take up passengers at so much a head, and kill both them and himself without a word of official protest. Thus, the art is discredited and the public discouraged. While foreign governments are encouraging aviation, commercial progress in the United States is due entirely to the unaided efforts of the manufacturer and the inventor. All honor to them.

Some truly remarkable records have been made the past year. In France, Sadi Lecoute achieved a speed of 206½ miles an hour in a biplane. Another startling feat was that of Lt. John A. Macready who attained a height of 40,008 feet. He used electrically heated clothing, the oxygen tank, and the gas turbine supercharger.

Regular airplane passenger service, running on schedule, has made slow, but encouraging, progress. Abroad, the French and British are still maintaining their London-Paris routes; other services in Europe have been running consistently. We have Key-West to Havana and other passenger-carrying services. The air mail has functioned with a regularity which should encourage Congress

greatly to enlarge its scope.

5. *Electrical Progress.* We have begun the practice of building our power plants at the mines, and transmitting electric power, instead of coal, to the power consumer.

It has been a rich twelve-month for radio communication. Now, with the radio telephone transmitter in ever increasing numbers, a radio-receiving set becomes nothing less than a listening in post on a mighty interesting party line.

We have followed the promising work of a French inventor, dealing with transmission of photographs and drawings over wires. During the past year he has extended his work to wireless, and succeeded in transmitting drawings across the Atlantic.

6. *Astronomy.* Always astronomers have speculated as to the actual size of the stars. The stars have always showed themselves as mere points of light—the nearest approach to the mathematician's ideal point, without actual dimension. That the stars must be enormously remote to preserve this aspect in the face of larger and ever-larger telescopes was obvious. That some, at least, of them must be enormously massive to give the combination of distance and brightness which observation revealed was likewise pretty plain. But that any direct means of measuring star diameters would ever be provided would, even two years ago, have seemed the wildest sort of a dream. Yet today it is brought down to a basis of cold fact; it has been applied to at least two of the stars, and the figures it has revealed are by all odds the most amazing which have ever come from the astronomer's workshop.



The Truth About Vivisection

Excerpts from Woman's Home Companion

ERNEST HAROLD BAYNES

John Burroughs said of Mr. Baynes, "He is a sane and accurate naturalist;" Theodore Roosevelt said, "He has the highest reputation in all forms of work for the care of animal life." He is known the country over as a lover of animals and investigated the whole question of vivisection for the *Woman's Home Companion*. This article was published last summer and is condensed below because of the unusual commendation it evoked from educators throughout the country. In the first part of his article, Mr. Baynes answers effectively some of the literature issued by the opponents of vivisection.

BEFORE 1846 practically all surgery was painful, because no effective anaesthetic was used. Vivisection was done in those days, and of course the animals suffered. But even then the surgeons were not trying to torture animals, they were seeking newer and safer ways of performing operations. And that they did advance medical science is a matter of history. To mention only one advance they made: Harvey, according to his own testimony, discovered the circulation of the blood through vivisection.

I have visited many laboratories both in this country and abroad and have found nothing but kindness and consideration for the animals used in experimentation. There is, of course, some suffering in research laboratories. Perhaps two or three per cent of the animals used suffer more or less actual pain; many more suffer some discomfort, but it is so little compared with the pain and discomfort from which human beings are

saved by these experiments that it becomes insignificant.

The opponents of vivisection claim that no benefit to mankind or to animals has ever been derived from vivisection. Let us look the facts fairly in the face.

Today every up-to-date hospital for the treatment of diphtheria, all over the world, and practically every physician of standing, uses diphtheria antitoxin. The decline in the death rate of diphtheria dates from 1895—the year in which this antitoxin was introduced.

By a series of most painstaking experiments on mice, guinea pigs, rabbits and a few monkeys, Loeffler discovered this blessed antitoxin, which, it has been estimated, saves the lives of a hundred thousand human beings every year. And it will go on saving them in the years to come. What finer use to which a couple of hundred guinea pigs and rabbits could be put? Even if it were life for life, would you not vote to sacrifice a guinea pig or a rabbit to save the life of a child?

Another terrible scourge, which more elderly readers will have heard of, was "childbed" fever. It used to cause the death of three to five out of every hundred mothers. During epidemics it killed twenty, forty, even fifty-five out of every hundred.

Then, Pasteur, by animal experimentation, discovered the microbe which caused the fever. His work was followed up by the great surgeon and vivisectioner, Lord Lister. Their experiments proved that infection of wounds was caused by germs—the foundation of modern surgery. Aseptic precautions were taken by doctors and nurses and, behold, the deadly "childbed" fever is practically wiped off the list in maternity hospitals. I have recently noted one series of over 8,000 births without the loss of a single mother from this

cause. In the days before Pasteur and Lister there would certainly have been 250 deaths in that series.

If you could see those 250 mothers with their babies in their arms, would you condemn them to painful death in order to save from less painful death an equal number of guinea pigs, rabbits, billy-goats—or even dogs, much as we love them? And the discoveries affect the mothers of every civilized country—every year as long as the race exists.

One soldier in every six in the Spanish-American War had typhoid fever. It was the cause of six times as many deaths as all other causes put together. In the World War there was practically no typhoid fever, for the simple reason that a vivisector named Wright had discovered a vaccine which prevented the soldiers from contracting it. It was used by all the armies. Col. Arthur, late commandant of the Army Medical School, estimates that this vaccine saved the lives of at least 30,000 boys in the American army alone, and that it saved at least 260,000 more from three to four months of illness and incapacity.

Of such vast importance to the world are the results of such experiments as are being carried on by vivisectors that in cases in which, for some reason, animals do not afford a suitable medium for their work, they sometimes offer themselves as subjects. An instance is that of the American Commission appointed in 1900 to make an investigation of the deadly yellow fever in Cuba. No one had any clear proof either as to the cause of the disease or the means by which it was spread. As animals are not subject to yellow fever, it was necessary for men to volunteer. Dr. R. P. Cook and several soldiers slept for twenty nights on the mattresses on which yellow fever patients had died, covered with the terribly soiled

bed clothing in which these patients had spent their last days. This and other experiments too awful to describe they subjected themselves to; but, as they remained perfectly well, they proved that yellow fever is not contagious. Then Dr. Reed believed that the disease was spread by mosquitoes; so he and several others allowed themselves to be bitten by mosquitoes which had previously bitten yellow-fever patients. Very soon most of the volunteers were down with yellow fever, and some of them never got up again. Then the army, by wiping out the mosquitoes, rid Havana of yellow fever forever. Later, General Gorgas in the same way cleaned up the Panama Canal zone. Yellow fever had taken a toll of 22,189 workmen among the French when they abandoned the Panama Canal project.

The above are only a few of the many advances in medicine made through animal experimentation.

The achievements in surgery have been even more striking. Before the days of Lister, abdominal operations were rarely done. In the Civil War, if a man was shot through the bowels, he died. In the World War thousands of cases of this kind made complete recovery. The skill required to do this was gained through vivisection.

Compound fractures used to kill over 66 per cent of patients; today the mortality from this cause is well below one per cent. This saving was brought about by animal experimentation.

The same may be said of surgery of every kind.

The whole question is one of proportion. All history will bear me out when I say that no bodily sacrifice, whether of animals or of men, is too great to be made, provided the cause for that sacrifice is proportionately great.

"The Reader's Digest has been received and I think it is wonderful. Would you please send me a number of sample copies for distribution in this Community in order that the people here may know of this publication."—Supt. R. E. S., Maryland.

Our Common Lot

Condensed from "Point of View" Department, Scribner's Magazine

The cultivation of a more vivid appreciation of the commonplace, daily experiences of life yields larger dividends of happiness than can be derived in any other way, with the same expenditure of effort.

1. The "evening up" of mankind in this age.
2. Happiness the appreciation of little, daily joys.
3. Discover the unexpected joys of the commonplace.

HUMANITY is fast "evening up;" kings and statesmen are, in breeding and education, much like their subjects; people of little towns serve their course dinners and use plumbing quite as modern as that of their kindred in the city. One finds Remington typewriters, Steinway pianos and desk telephones in the country as well as in the city. The Paris gown, within a fortnight, is copied in a thousand ready-made dresses. We may rightly boast that today is the day of the common man, and that most of the work of the world is done by the average man and woman.

Lincoln said that God must love the common people, because He made so many of them. If because of our very number we fail to get solo parts, we can still keep on, as far as possible without discord. We remember the old Greek who broke one of the strings of his admirable lyre. Instead of replacing it with ordinary catgut, he had the vanity to put in a silver cord, after which the lyre was always out of tune.

2. There is a growing hostility to ordinary life; the tendency to discard the great commonplaces which govern our days, a growing lack of appreciation of the experiences in the routine of daily life.

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Jefferson recorded his belief in the satisfying power of common daylight, common pleasures and all the common relations of daily life. Franklin wrote it down that a man's happiness is less the result of great gifts of fortune which come rarely, than the thousand little joys of every day. Every-day feelings which decide the color in our lives; family ties, friends, books, flowers, food, water, the wind, health, shelter, sleep, the open road, rain in summer, fire in winter, dawn, songs, the starry sky, love in youth and memory in old age: are not these vast commonplaces the very gist of life? The world is commonplace only when one regards it in a commonplace way; the smallest object contains something unexpected if you will give it conscious attention and observation.

3. To interpret and glorify the commonplace should be one of our main occupations. Most of us know some person who can make even the first words of a conversation interesting, be it only about the rain or the fine weather. Another has some ordinary occasion to write you a note and you cherish it for years; a third has a way of giving you a trinket which makes you prize it tenfold and put it in the list of keep-sakes; and another pointing to a lichen on a damp wall tells you the most interesting thing you have heard in weeks.

Horace Walpole suspected that even bread was once considered a newfangled vagary by those who had seen their fathers live very comfortably on acorns. What would the cave dwellers have thought when a man makes marks on paper, which convey ideas to post clerks by which their muscles are moved, the letter delivered to the particular person the sender had in mind, to whom the ink marks convey meanings and show the mind of the writer. Amazing phenomena! yet to us too familiar for comment.

The man who has some knowledge of common things is better equipped to face the world than one with a smattering of uncommon subjects. There is a growing incorporation of common sense into the schools.

It is a trite remark—because it happens to be so important—that deep thought is only prolonged thought, for which the every-day occupations of our common lot serve as the homely, essential food. We must refuse to sequester ourselves; nothing so contributes to maintain our common sense as living in the universal

way with the human beings about us. I lately discovered to my horror, that in a large mixed gathering, or even with clerks in a store, I was far less elastic in conversation; far less keen in repartee—far less quick to catch the ball and toss it back—than were many persons unread, untravelled, who had, nevertheless, lived in an expressive environment.

It is a great lesson to learn that a fairly thrilling life may be had by simply enriching the every-day moments of existence.

Adventure

Excerpts from Good Housekeeping

KATHARINE EGGLESTON ROBERTS

WE picture adventure as something just over the hill or about the turn, never directly before us. It is a will-o'-the-wisp that lures us with the bait of the unknown.

Not always is it vivid in action, wild in excitement. I am inclined to believe that most of our adventures come in the narrow ways where there are people. At least, it has been so with me. I wandered down a picturesque little street in Antwerp. Turning the corner, I came upon Romance. A bent, old man in blue jeans and wooden shoes shuffled along, pushing his two-wheeled cart over the uneven cobblestones, and in that cart was his fat, little wife, tired from her day in the market. Like a queen she sat enthroned among the unsold vegetables, her wooden sabots straight out before her. You will smile as I smiled. She was weary, and he was taking her home. Romance? Yes, it was there. That is why we smile and do not laugh.

Another day I saw a small urchin standing in the rain, gazing into a Fifth Avenue window filled with filmy, rainbow-tinted chiffons. I stopped beside him. He was as dirty a little snub-nosed boy as ever wore torn breeches, but as he looked into the window, his eyes widened and

softened, and he drew in his breath sharply. At last, catching sight of me, he looked up and murmured almost enviously,

"Oh-h-h, and you kin wear 'em, can't you?"

From the look in his eyes, I think those soft colors gave the pathetic little fellow standing in the rain a new excursion into beauty. And now sometimes, when beauty grips my heart, I think I know the adventure of the ragged urchin, who eagerly drank the colors from a window of ladies' lingerie.

If we could see into the hearts of those near by, could understand all the little things they say, there would we find adventure aplenty, for, after all, adventure is only the varied experience of living. No need to seek the broad highway or the untrodden paths. There, in the narrow street, where haunting terror and sorrow live beside joy and beauty, where comedy laughs and dry-eyed tragedy mourns too deeply for tears—there we may seek our adventures, and there we may find the unguessed way into understanding.

Adventure! It is just around the corner of the narrow street, you know.

Fair Play for the World

Summarized from *The Outlook*

KATHERINE MATO

1. The Germans learn the meaning of "fair play."
2. A "Tommy" talks sportsmanship to the French.
3. All Europe being Americanized by our games.
4. Modern Filipino not worrying about the nightly escape of his soul.
5. American games breaking India's caste system.

HERE happened in July, 1921, in a German city, a conference without precedent, composed of key men of the various German universities. They were distinctly undernourished—shriveled of muscle and poor of shape. They knew that their brains were stalling, but half supported by shabby bodies, and they knew that their sons would be meaner men than they—meaner citizens of meaner cities—unless, somehow, they hit upon a rescue.

"We must rebuild, or neither body nor brains will remain of the German people."

The thought of the old military drill, with its dumb, mechanical routine, sickened them. Then one who had been a prisoner in France remembered certain things he had seen in the A. E. F. So Schroeder, athletic director from the International Y. M. C. A., was invited to come and teach mass games to these 300 German student leaders; games not for a few star specialists, but for everybody; games to raise the whole people's condition of muscle, blood, eye, and brain, courage, good humor, cleanliness, and intelligence. And his audience eagerly, raptly, drank in every word he said until he uttered the one queer phrase "fair play."

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"We have no such term" whispered the interpreter, "Will you cut it out?"

And then Schroeder had to explain to them, by figures, the meaning of the heart of sportsmanship.

"Listen. If in boxing you've knocked your man down, you don't stamp his nose in," he exclaimed at last. "See?"

"You don't? Why don't you?" desperately inquired his audience, swamped in the strangeness of the notion that a man might refrain from taking advantage of his enemy. And before Schroeder left they were actually begging for instructors to teach American mass games.

If the Boche had been taught fair play before 1914, he might not have maimed women, or starved and beaten British wounded that fell into his power. What better use to make of our time, means, and interest than to spread a knowledge of "fair play" in the dark places of the world?

2. The French held a great athletic meet, to which the several Armies of Occupation sent contestants. Americans romped along, winning event after event, until a disconcerting phenomenon appeared. A large part of the French onlookers began to "boo." They didn't like being outclassed.

So they booed more, booed louder, as still America won. Shortly that boo developed an echo—an always louder, deeper growl from the one little bunch of Tommies. Finally an English sergeant-major climbed on the shoulders of his friends. His face glared with wrath.

"You bloomin' froggies, damn—your—souls, don't you know if it hadn't been for these Yanks comin' over when they did, you'd jolly well be doin' the goose-step in Paris? And now you can't even give 'em fair play!"

In France, as in Germany, the armistice had set wise men wondering how to build up and rejuvenate

the war-sapped manhood of the nation. Then came the Pershing Stadium contests—the Inter-Allied Games held in Paris, June 1919. Those games opened the eyes of the astute French observers. The French Government then passed a National Physical Education Bill and backed it by a substantial appropriation. Today the War Department maintains eight military schools for physical education. Colonels and majors play "Swat the Kaiser," basket-ball, and volley ball, and run relay races. Then they go back to pour their new learning and enthusiasm into their commands.

Nor has French astuteness permitted the effort to end there. Devastated towns now rebuilding regularly assign places for the public playground.

3. Out of the Inter-Allied Games, Italy drew the same lesson. Through all Europe, in fact, the story is in essence the same. One cannot help but be amazed at the vital importance so suddenly recognized in athletic development, at the eagerness of the general plea to America for help on these lines.

The Y. M. C. A. was asked to send a group of qualified physical directors to introduce a play programme in the entire Rumanian army. About 500 officers have now been trained.

4. Through American sports the Filipino youth arrives at a practical, every-day understanding of our ways and habits, our ideals and ethics. Through sports, therefore, harmonious relationships between the East and the West draw visibly nearer.

The Filipino of tomorrow will not

be as the man or woman of yesterday. For example, the average Filipinos—boarders, guests, and family—sleep crowded together in one small room, behind locked doors and windows, lest their souls escape while they sleep.

"I can't sleep cooped up like this!" growls the boy home from school. "If I don't get fresh air at night, I'll be licked at baseball tomorrow. And I don't believe that old soul thing, anyway!"

In the old days, China, Japan and the Philippines found it impossible to meet on equal terms, religiously, politically, socially, or even commercially. But in 1915, at the Shanghai games, and in the presence of ten to fifteen thousand Chinese spectators, both the Chinese and the Filipinos beat the Japanese at volley ball!

5. In India high-caste and low-caste boys, boys of antagonistic religious views, find themselves playing together. Railway groups, industrial groups, army and college groups are brought together, not by caste cleavages, but by personal values in team-play. Mohammedan and Hindu crowd the side lines to shout for their teams as teams, oblivious of all but the game. Never again can those on-lookers quite recover their old feeling.

The Y. M. C. A. has nearly 100 trained physical directors, now working in 25 different countries and on every continent. Through these men, America is today offered a dazzling opportunity. Here is a chance to better our National fame—freely to offer an eagerly sought, life-giving gift to the stricken, groping peoples.

"AN IDEAL MAGAZINE"

"That you have succeeded in presenting to us an ideal magazine any wide awake reader will frankly admit. Success to your efforts. I like the "Little Magazine" because it is so fresh and vigorous, also because one is not distracted by a great profusion of 'ads.'"—Rev. D. M. G., Iowa.

A Princess in Exile

Condensed from Pictorial Review

PRINCESS MANICH MOURADIAN

The miseries that one woman went through in the recent Russian reign of terror.

THIS horror I have lived through has been so awful both from the physical and from the moral point of view, that it appears to me its remembrance will haunt me until my dying day. Since I have reached this country I haven't met anyone who realized what the Russian Revolution meant to its victims.

What I want to describe is not so much my own adventures, but the conditions under which hundreds of thousands of people, nearly all of the upper and intellectual classes, had to fly for their lives from the Bolshevik terror, and what they had to endure.

Before the cataclysm, I had everything that the world could give in the way of beautiful surroundings, splendid homes, jewels, fine dresses. My family had always been on terms of friendship with the imperial one. I liked the Grand Duchess immensely.

Toward the end of 1917 I left Moscow for Baku in the Caucasus. Though the Caucasus had been for about seventy-five years under Russian rule, the country was far from subdued, and the various races which inhabited it had retained all their former warlike instincts and race antagonisms.

As soon as the news of the downfall of the Romanoffs reached them, there began a reign of terror, and the different races vied with each other in cruelty and in lust for plunder.

Out of my own family alone sixty-five persons perished under the knives and rifles of the insurgents, and that I myself escaped was nothing short of a miracle. My governess prevailed upon the only French hair-dresser in Baku to hide us in his house. Even

in the orgy of murder, the savages knew that the property of foreigners must not be molested.

Baku became the scene of a wholesale slaughter. When we looked through the shutters we saw nothing but the corpses of the victims of the massacre lying all over the street. Pregnant women were disemboweled; the hands and feet of children were cut off before the children themselves were murdered; from time to time out of the mountains of corpses a groan escaped, showing that someone was still living.

After three long weeks it appeared safe for us to leave Baku. We disguised ourselves as peasants, and our host, the hair-dresser, lent us money for the journey. It took us five weeks to reach Moscow, our train remaining sometimes for days at some country station. My poor governess was unable to survive the strain and agony of those weeks, and three days after reaching Moscow, she died.

I hoped that my troubles were at last at an end. But, alas! Moscow was then expecting the appearance of the Bolshevik armies, and troublesome elements of the city decided to celebrate with a general plunder of the houses of the hated upper classes, who held sway over them for such a long time. As there were no troops to repress the mob, and as all the police had been either killed or else had gone over to the insurgents, another regular massacre began.

A rich Moscow merchant came to my rescue and to that of 520 other persons, and gave us refuge in the big vaults underneath his house, which was one of Moscow's landmarks.

It was in those vaults that we had to hide for six weeks, during which we remained in the dark, and lived upon cucumbers, cabbage, dried mushrooms and fruit.

Finally, it was thought safe to

leave. One of the reasons which impelled me to fly from Moscow, no matter how, was the decree ordering the nationalization of women. I decided to go to Omsk. This journey, lasting five long weeks, was another horror. We traveled in trucks or wagons, huddled together, several hundred people, men, women and children, on the floor in the most disgusting promiscuity. The place swarmed with vermin, and all the women had to cut off their hair so as to avoid being too greatly infested.

Omsk, normally a town of 150,000 was filled with about 1,500,000 refugees from all parts of Russia. There I spent long months in a small hut, with coarse but sufficient food. We considered our life in the light of a blessing, little dreaming of the advancing Bolshevik armies which were about to encircle the city. Suddenly, we received orders to evacuate the city within 24 hours.

It is impossible to describe the panic which followed. It was Winter—and in Siberia. Railroads were out of the question. We started, most of us walking. I bought the clothes of a boy which were made out of dog-skin, and thus attired, with a few necessary things slung on my back and a stick in my hand, I began a dreary journey which stretched over 3,000 miles, and the horrors of which can be judged when I say that out of the 200,000 who left Omsk, only 10,000 reached Irkutsk. The rest, including the old people and all the children, perished on the road, and their bones

are to this day strewn on this dreary road to that Calvary which, without hope and with despair in our hearts and souls, we began to climb.

No one can imagine what it was to wade knee-deep in this white desert, where snow and sky are the only things one sees. At night we built little snow huts like the Eskimos. During those awful nights, made so horrible by the roar of the winds and the howls of the wolves, how often did my thoughts return to other nights when I had been the honored guest at some great entertainment in Moscow, Petrograd or Paris! Who could have thought now that this crowd of ragged people trudging on a road, had once composed the most brilliant aristocracy of Europe.

This awful march through the Siberian plains lasted five months. I had fared better than most of my companions, occasionally riding on a truck for a few hours. But I was more dead than alive when I reached Irkutsk. Both my feet and my fingers had been frozen.

Finally, I reached Tokyo—and had to spend three months in the English hospital.

Here in New York I mean to begin life over again and I hope to live quieter and happier than in the country which I had to abandon amid so much suffering, and where I have lost family, friends, and fortune; a country which I still hope may once again become great and prosperous.



The Woman Who Should Marry

A Condensation from Good Housekeeping

ANNE SHANNON MONROE

"A most exquisitely daring summing-up of the aims and destinies of women. Every woman will be interested in this article, for in it she will find either her justification or her condemnation."

MEN have cried in alarm, "With all this suffrage, with all this entering of professions, women will rush out of the homes," and I want to answer "Perhaps that is the best thing about it." We know—we women—that in all time there have been those in homes who did not belong there; women who would have honored a judge's bench, thrilled an audience, cleaned up cities and straightened out governments, written books, or painted pictures, but who never while the sun shone down could make a home. And homes have been hells, and women's hearts torture chambers, and children's lives embittered, and needed work in the world left undone, all because of a mistaken idea that all women should be shoved, coerced into homes.

Now, the truth is—and every woman knows it and no man—that many women are gifted for motherhood, for home-making, for wives of highest sense, and many have no more gift for this most social and most sacred of all vocations, than they have wings to carry them to the moon! And when you haven't the gift, you can't properly mother, any more than you can sing if you haven't a voice. You may learn the technique of motherhood—be an expert in baby clothes and feeding, but if no fundamentals, instinctive mother-gift is there, you cannot rise to the full possibilities of the calling.

In throwing wide the doors of the

world, the women who don't belong in the home will rush out and find their rightful places. Mothering will be left to the mother-gifted, and these you couldn't keep out—you couldn't drive out! What men don't know—and women do—is that the mother-hearted woman can't be steered out of the home, and the non-mother-hearted can't be steered into it. You may steer her body there, her labors, her daily routine, but you can't get her soul, her spirit, there.

"When my youngest child starts to school," sighed one of the chained women, "I'll be free!"

Another woman, weeping, sobbed out, "I just got to thinking that when baby is six, she will have to start to school and be away from me all day!"

One woman finds the child a tiresome tie to distasteful routine, the other finds the child a source of delight, a miracle, a glory-thing, shedding brightness on all her tasks. Haven't you watched these mothers?

True mother love is fundamental. Suddenly this woman loves divinely; she forgives; she becomes tender toward all mankind; she thinks sympathetically of all mothers; she is all at once akin, linked with the whole human race. As the new little life develops she becomes worshipful toward God who has given her this privilege.

Did you ever hear one of these other women talk—these non-maternal mothers? A well-to-do mother of four girls told me she had not experienced one solitary feeling of anything but the discomfort of the situation, a sort of a repugnance to the whole affair, in bringing her babies into the world. She didn't want them, didn't care about children, didn't see why she should go through all that self-denial, staying in and missing all the good times. Fortunately, a mother-hearted relative came and mothered the little things, but even

so, they are not notably softened into the finer sentiments of life.

Oh, the good fortune of that plastic little being that comes into consciousness on a wave of love that rushes out to meet it, loved into life—loved into maturity. Can there ever afterward be anything that will compensate for the loss of this experience? Technique can meet the physical needs, but it cannot supply the velvet comfort of a deep maternal love.

Children—little sensitive plates recording everything—feel the difference poignantly. That is what mothers are for—God-made mothers—to put His love into the little new life to start it in a fountain of love at its very inception! If reproduction had been the sole idea, there would have been better ways—as fish spawn—as seeds come in a pod. This individual mother way was not the only way to reproduce, but it was the only way to charge new little life with a living love.

The difference between men in this thing of instructive parental love is just as notable as it is between women. I have seen a young father choke up past control when his first baby was brought to him, overcome with the wonder of it all, and I have seen a father turn on his heel in disgust because it was a girl when he expected a boy, or vice versa, with no feeling whatever save of egotistic disappointment.

The scientists quite a while ago discovered the way of the bees—how some were marked for parenthood and some for other callings—but they have seen no better way for the human species than for all to reproduce, then let nature reduce the overplus of population by war and pestilence.

And in what cruelties this misunderstanding has resulted! What tragedies for the woman doomed to a home and children when all the time something else God has planted in her for expression is calling with a fury that fills her days with regret. It is the call of that which God planted there, the thing He needed in His world to make it go. God knew how this world would have to be run—like

a great orchestra—and some must finger violins, and some blow on horns, and some beat drums.

But—I can understand some objector insisting—by selective parenthood you would breed all great gifts out of the race—music, poetry, art, oratory, science, invention. Well, that is where you are wrong, for the most profound parental instinct more often than not accompanies these gifts. Look at Madame Curie, who has given the century its greatest gift—radium—and also well-mothered daughters. Look at Schumann-Heink, with her great voice and her great heart and her great family. Many of the finest types of actresses are the most devoted mothers.

No, I would breed none of the greatness out of the race—but, oh, I would breed love into it! Breed children who knew from the first opening of their eyes to the last closing that love enveloped all their being. I would breed hardness out of the race, and loneliness, and repression and rebellion. I would breed sharp words out of the race, and coldness and indifference.

The slow progress of the world is all because there is not enough love in it, and there is not enough love in it because real mothers haven't done all the mothering; and the real mothers haven't done all the mothering because, always in the past, marriage was the only honorable calling for a woman, and all women rushed into it.

But life today offers many honorable callings—a calling for every gift. You women at the turning of the ways, in the interest of unborn humanity, of more love in the world—unless the maternal instinct dominates you—unless you crave your own baby, crave a home, feel eager to begin feathering a nest with the softest, greatest down of pure, high love—stay out of marriage. Turn your steps toward science, to the laboratories, but keep your hands off this sacred problem.

But you who have the gift, accept God's greatest work. The child puts you into the race; into the future; makes you of the long, unending stream. Then go up to God, its hand in yours!

Have You Any Idea How You Sound When You Speak?

FRED C. KELLY IN McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

1. The slovenly American speech.
2. A lesson from telephone operators.
3. How do you say "thank you?"
4. Common faults in talking.

1. People who have given the matter much thought declare that the standard of speech among Americans is the worst in the civilized world, slovenly in comparison with English, French, German, Italian, Spanish, Russian or South American. Anyone who has studied French or German under a native instructor, will recall the great stress laid upon accurate pronunciation and distinctness by such teachers. Here in the United States, on the other hand, it is so common to hear men say, "cer'nly" for "certainly," "goin'" for "going," even "gunna" for "going to"—and a long list of similar inaccuracies, that such utterance is accepted as a matter of course. Men come in to sell us things or talk to us about business propositions of one kind or another, and their talk not infrequently annoys us, simply because of the irritating way in which they say it.

The time has come, however, when business men over the country are beginning to realize the importance of less vicious speech habits as an aid to national efficiency.

2. The reason a telephone operator is usually more easily understood

The Reader's Digest

than a subscriber, is because the operator is required to emphasize the more distinguishing sounds in words, and enunciate clearly, at the same time using a tone to make herself understood with the minimum of physical effort. Most people talk too loudly, and yet are not always understood because of faulty enunciation.

3. Telephone operators are taught also to speak with a rising inflection. In saying the word "number," their tone goes running up on the final syllable. This is not only because it sounds more cheerful to speak with a rising inflection, but because, for some reason, one is more easily understood than when the voice drops at the end of a word. In England nearly everybody speaks with a rising inflection. A clerk says "Thaenk you" and about all you hear of it is something that resembles "Q," but his remark has, nevertheless, a cheery sound. Here in America we say the same thing with a falling inflection and it sounds rather perfunctory, at times almost surly. To make a remark with rising inflection is almost like adding, "Don't you think so?" But there is something of finality about the falling inflection which makes one's talk seem dogmatic. Taking us on the whole we are a nation of dogmatic talkers.

4. Railroads, street car companies and subway companies could profit by improving the pronunciation of their employees.

An agreeable personality requires the use of clean-cut speech, in which

words are not slurred over. This fault lies in not making proper use of the tip of the tongue.

Many men are laboring under vocal handicaps which could be remedied in just a few days. The vocal chords of some persons are too tight and need a little special exercising and the repetition of certain sounds to loosen them up.

Some salesmen talk too rapidly, failing to convey an impression of calmness. There is something about the salesman who is quiet and calm and sure of himself that tends to increase one's faith in the stuff he is selling.

Then there is the type of man who talks too loudly. He may have a musical quality in his voice, and excellent pronunciation, but if his voice keeps booming in one's ears, the man gradually wears on one's nerves.

Our noisy, harsh voices are the result of careless habit acquired in childhood. A general insistence on decent speech would not only make life pleasanter but would enable us to talk faster and be understood more easily.

Extracts from The Literary Digest

A great army of disappointed men and women can testify that inability to talk clearly and forcefully has

been to them a severe social and business handicap. Mr. H. Addington Bruce observes that "there are men in inferior positions who long ago would have commanded good salaries if they had only taken the trouble to overcome remedial speech defects. Strange how careful people are about dress, how sure that dignity and good taste in dress help to make one's success in getting on in the world, and at the same time how careless these same people are about speech, which is the dress of the mind."

Attention to speech is worthy of our respect, not merely because it is an index of ability. It is a means of growth. Bishop Trent said: "Language is on the one side the limit and restraint of thought, as on the other side that which feeds and unfolds thought."

More is necessary than to enunciate clearly. One must learn the more discriminating use of over-worked words such as "nice," "splendid," "awful," "elegant," "fierce," etc.; the elimination of worn-out expressions like "bold as a lion," "the acid test," "the staff of life," "the arms of Morpheus."

"Slang saves the trouble—and the glory—of thinking."

"CARRIES IT ALMOST EVERYWHERE"

"I like everything about it. Its size makes it exceedingly convenient to slip into one's pocket, and so I carry it with me almost everywhere I go. The articles are of such a character as to give one the gist of the subject discussed and that in the most compact form. I hope you will not depart from your original plan,"—
Rev. E. P., California.

Useful Points in Judging People

*Abstracted from Lesson One, Volume Six, "Art and Science of Selling,"
National Salesmen's Training Association, Chicago. Very much
condensed, with direct applications to salesmanship omitted*

(Continued from February Issue)

1. Eye-minded, ear-minded and muscle-minded persons.
2. Judging a person through dress.
3. Judging a person through health and energy.
4. Judging a person through voice and actions.
5. Judging a person by the way he sits.

AN eye-minded person is best appealed to through his eyes. He usually has a forehead that slants more or less. It is easier for him to *perceive* and remember and be impressed through his eyes than through his ears or through actions.

The ear minded man likes a good talker. He can understand better when appealed to through talk, than through the printed page. He likes fine music, sound, correctly spoken English, lectures, etc. He is usually a *reflective* type. He has a large, well-rounded forehead that does not slant, but is full in front. He is not as quick as the perceptive type. He is usually a deliberate thinker.

The muscle-minded person remembers mainly through actions. These people remember that they have done a certain action before, and from such memory build up an eye and ear picture.

2. Judging a person through dress: The dress of a man to a large degree denotes the temperament of the man

himself. If a person is well-groomed, it denotes a *natural refinement*, but it does not necessarily follow that because a man is not well-groomed he is not refined. He may be an intellectual worker, and so busy with thoughts that he has forgotten the necessity and advantage of keeping himself well-shod and well-clothed and well-kept.

If a man wears clean linen, he will usually be clean in body. If he has strong personal pride, he will not let his heels run down; nor will he wear a slouchy hat.

3. Judging through health and energy: A healthy and energetic condition naturally results in a good-natured disposition, and an unhealthy and, therefore, a lethargic condition, in a sour tempered and irritable disposition. In dealing with a good-natured person, one who is vibrant with health and energy, you need not use the great care you will have to use with his unhealthy and un-energetic brother. You will be able to deal with the first in a confidence-commanding way, while with the second anything that borders on familiarity, and which gives him the impression you are trying to influence him, will make him irritable and antagonistic. Handle a person with due consideration for his present bodily condition, which will reflect itself in his *temper*, in his *actions*, *facial expression*, *feelings* and *emotions*.

The strong, healthy, energetic individual breathes optimism and friendliness. He is ready to arbitrate. He is ready to come half way. The lethargic individual, whose liver is out of order, whose stomach is upset, gets the impression that everybody is against him. He is the man who fights at the slightest provocation.

4. Judging through voice and actions: In tone, in pitch, in resonance, human beings express themselves as to character in much the same way as animals do. You know men who talk with a whine. Is it not possible that something akin to a kicked dog is evident in their natures? You know of others who snap their words out as an ugly dog snaps at passers-by. Does this not show a snappishness of disposition? Still others talk with the confidence that a bull-dog shows in his bark.

Learn to attune yourself to the voices of those you are trying to influence. Try to judge men's dispositions from the way they talk. In considering a man's voice, make quite a distinction between the one who talks with the "bull-voice" of inherent power and the one who expresses himself in the "bull-frog" way of bragadocio.

Power comes through *self-control*; and the powerful man will seldom make himself undignified by growling at you, or by taking a strongly antagonistic attitude toward you without sufficient reason.

5. Judging by the way one sits: When you enter a store or office and see the proprietor *slouching* in his chair he is not dignified. Is he *sitting upright*, in a businesslike position, which shows he has work to do,

and that you are an intruder who has interrupted his work? If so, he is a good business man, and has becoming dignity.

Does he sit *easily* and *naturally*? Then he is good natured, well-fed, "at-peace-with-the-world."

Does he put his feet on his desk, and make no particular endeavor to remove them when you enter his presence? Then he does not care for your opinion, or the opinion of others. He is an instinctive democrat.

If he removes his feet, your presence impresses him. Your personality is getting in good work. He is giving you consideration, perhaps without realizing it.

If the man is relaxing, you can be more positive, because a person in a relaxed state is peculiarly amenable to suggestions. Most salesmen find it profitable to talk in a tone slightly lower than that used by the customer in order to *produce* this relaxed state.

6. Characteristics of the feminine mind: If a man changes his mind, he is expected to give a good reason for it. It is a woman's inalienable right to change her mind. The masculine man is hard. The feminine woman is soft. Men are naturally thinkers and reasoners. Women are naturally emotionalists and reason through what is called "intuition," or "jumping to conclusions." The woman *feels* that things are so and not so. The man *gets facts* and *concludes* that they are so or not so. Of course there are all manner of gradations of men as well as gradations of women—many women have masculine intellectual characteristics, and men are often emotional in nature.

Human Nature and Industrial Conflict

The gist of an editorial in The Saturday Evening Post

1. Labor relations largely amicable.
2. Consider other dissensions in our midst.
3. To be satisfied means stagnation.

WHenever a severe struggle between employers and employees takes place or is narrowly averted, there is a natural feeling of discouragement that these relations should be so hostile. But this is a field, like many others, where failure attracts far more attention than success. Married people who live happily together do not make news for the papers, but it is often different with those who seek divorces. Employers and employees alike have not as a rule said much about their agreements, but nothing has been able to keep their disagreements from public notice. As long as all goes well, human nature accepts as a matter of course, and questioning begins only when things go wrong.

In the last few years, however, interest in industrial relations has been so intense that investigators have been ferreting out and reporting upon concerns that get along peacefully with their workers. The country has been combed for instances of happy industrial relations by employers' and manufacturers' associations, by government departments, by educational institutions, by every manner of magazine and newspaper.

The result shows beyond question that in very great numbers of industries the degree of conflict between the two parties is comparatively slight or almost wholly absent. Nor does anyone suppose that such a field of inquiry has been exhausted. Investigators tend to look for the high spots which have already attracted attention. For each manager written

up, there are probably dozens just as worthy who do not believe in publicity or do not know how to get it, or who thus far have been overlooked.

Certainly it is a fair statement that in almost every locality that harbors industries of any size, there is one or more whose industrial relations are almost wholly or reasonably satisfactory to all concerned, without the world in general having been apprised of the fact. There are entire communities where labor relations are for the most part amicable. There are concerns here and there which have gone on for twenty, thirty, forty and more years with very little trouble and equally little notice from the outside.

2. An astute observer of social conditions argues that the relation in life which has the least bad feeling or personal bitterness in it is the pure business relation. "Where is there so much dissension and bitterness as in family matters?... I have not found in history a time when no class hatreds existed between rich and poor."

He might have added that the dissension between employer and employee is mild as compared with that between youth and old age, between neighbors, and sometimes, alas, between factions in the same church. Or what is more to the point, employer and employee get along singularly well as compared with individuals of the same rank in the same occupation. Even when Jim, who works in the mill, goes on strike, he does not hate the boss so much as he does Bill, who works alongside of him and called him an unpleasant name the other day. And as for the boss—oh, how he does love the owner of the rival factory who cut prices on him two months ago! And how lawyers love each other; and rival newspaper proprietors in the same city, one owning the yellow paper and the other the conservative! In plain language, a great part of all the talk

about the enmity of capital and labor and of classes toward one another is rot.

Only the theoretical idealist expects the interests of employer and employe to be completely reconciled. There is no reason why labor should be entirely satisfied. The employer himself is never wholly content. It is unnatural for men or women, no matter what their occupation, to be entirely satisfied, for that would mean stagnation. This is merely a case for a little common sense, a little proportion. In any large family there is usually one child who is discontented. There are sure to be a few such persons, perhaps quite a

number, in office and factory. If the bulk of the steady, well-balanced, representative workmen of middle age, and preferably those with families get along with the management, there is cause for considerable congratulation.

A corporation manager who has had much experience and marked success in building up weak concerns, and especially in solving their labor troubles, recently said: "I cannot hope to please all the men. If I get half of them with me then I know things are all right, just as I do if I have fifty per cent of the stockholders with me."

Cities With Junior Government

Abstracted from World's Work

Each officer of the regular city government of Glen Ridge, New Jersey, has as an understudy a boy or girl between the ages of 16 and 21. These boys and girls were chosen by the boys and girls in the town between these ages. There is an advisory council of adults to whom the junior citizens and officials may go for aid and advice. Within a few weeks these young officials have already tackled several real problems. On the invitation of the Chief of Police their police force is helping the adult force, particularly in respect to motor ordinance violations. They have petitioned the court to turn over to them all such violations committed by minors for them to handle at least in the form of recommendatory decision. They have also undertaken to help catch stray dogs. They have petitioned the Board of Education to allow a junior to sit in at their meetings as a listener and to present their point of view when called upon. The Junior Mayor ap-

pointed a "National Publicity Committee" to carry the gospel of junior government to other towns. Similar governments have been started in Bloomfield and in Orange. Initial steps have been taken in Newark and in a single district in New York City.

This experiment was initiated by the well known social doctor, as he likes to be called, William R. George, of the George Junior Republic. Mr. George was one of the first Americans to wake up to a realization that young people do not automatically become American citizens on reaching the age of 21, any more than they automatically become carpenters, milliners or farmers at that age. If the present experiments warrant it, it is expected to spread junior governments throughout the country, until eventually some considerable proportion of the young people who reach the voting age each year shall have had some degree of training as junior citizens.

Theodore Roosevelt, the Father

HERMAN HAGEDORN

Author of "A Boy's Life of Roosevelt"

Roosevelt as Teddy, Archie, Kermit and Quentin knew him.

1. Over-stressing the mother-and-son relationship.
2. Always time to read to, or play with "bunnies."
3. Risks and hardships purposely sought on trips.
4. Discussion in place of arbitrary commands.

O H! It get's me so angry! Always this talk of the *mother* of the soldier, this endless sentimentalizing about the *mother* saying good-bye to her brave soldier-boy, the *mother* dreaming of him. Whenever I turn it is this mother-and-son relationship that is emphasized, in songs, in stories, in pictures. If a boy is brave and true, we are told, it is because he remembers his mother's sacred admonitions. No one seems to think that the father may have something to do with the building of a boy's manhood vastly more important than anything a mother can accomplish by precept or example. A good man is the product more of his father's influence than his mother's. We have been sentimentalizing about the mother-and-son relationship long enough. It is the relationship of father and son that men should think and dream and talk and sing about."

It was a mother of soldiers who spoke. She had sent four to the war, and one had not come back. "When I think what the father of my boys meant in their development," she con-

tinued, "this sentimentalizing about the mother at the expense of the father annoys me almost beyond words. Do write about fathers and sons!"

2. Theodore Roosevelt was human, wonderfully human—right in the family. The first thing his boys knew of him was as a source of strange and fascinating stories who would come into the nursery while they were having their supper to read them some tale of "Uncle Remus" or tell some story, even more thrilling, of his own adventures. In the morning when he was shaving and in the evening when he was dressing for dinner he had a way of calling them into his dressing-room and reciting poetry to them. Line for line, they would repeat the verses until they were able to recite the poems as perfectly as he. The boys were four and five and six when their father laid in them the double foundation of friendly intercourse and appreciation of good literature. By and by he was reading Scott to them, and other tales. As their minds grew he and their mother fed them the mental food they craved.

He knew the secret of holding the boys' interest. He never let them be bored. If they did not like the book he was reading he found another which they did like.

The house in which they lived was small—but there is no record in the memories of the sons of any outward sign to indicate that the children ever got on their father's nerves. There are memories only of boundless energy, boundless patience, inexhaust-

ible sympathy, a wealth of humor and resource.

3. Occasionally the mother of the family would run up to New York for a visit and then the father would act the part of "vice-mother" with unconcealed pride and delight. In a letter to his sister, he tells of one such occasion:

"All this last week I have been alone with the four younger bunnies. At breakfast I generally have to tell Ted and Kermit stories of hunting and of ranch life; and then Ted walks part away down to the office with me. In the evening I take my tea with Ted and Kermit and Ethel while they are having supper, and then I read, first to the two smallest, and afterwards to Ted. As for Archie, he is the sweetest little fellow in the world and I play with him as much as I possibly can."

Excursion to Rock Creek Park made Saturday afternoons memorable, for the father would lay aside all other matters then to scramble with his boys up the sheer faces of the crags—often using a rope; through tangled ravines and along (and through) the brooks.

He recognized that if a son is to be brave when he grows up a father must be brave when the son is young. He must have the courage, that is, to stand by, while his son takes chances. Roosevelt expected his boys to run risks. He expected them also to endure hardship and to find delight in coming home from an afternoon's stroll soaked to the skin and torn by the brambles.

The father taught the boys the use of a gun when they were barely out of kilts. They never had any gun-accidents. They had drilled into them the fact that the small end of

a gun was always loaded. The father was of an inventive mind, and devised a great variety of sports for days bright and days rainy.

4. "He was the most wonderful companion in the world to us," said one of his sons a long time after. "He loved playing with boys. There was nothing put on about it. Some people think they ought to love it when they don't; but he really did. You see, he never really grew up. He was just like a boy of our own age."

He insisted on absolute obedience, but he was singularly wise in his strictness, very careful in making and keeping promises. When the father had promised to take the boys on a camping trip, no combination of politics or the elements could turn him from it. He would go, though the rain fell in torrents, unless the boys themselves wanted to wait.

If the father wished any of his sons to follow a certain course, he issued no commands. However young the boy was, he discussed the matter gravely with him as though they were both of the same age, listened to the boy's arguments as he would to a senator's, and treated them with a respect he would not always give to a Congressional debate.

Roosevelt was not given to preaching to his sons, but his precepts were simple and fundamental. "There are two things," he said, "that I want you to make up your minds to. First, that you are going to have a good time as long as you live—I have no use for a sour-faced man—and next, that you are going to do something worth while, that you are going to work hard and do the things you start out to do."

What Interests People?

Condensed from *The American Magazine*

Editors aren't the only ones who have to interest people. Preachers have to, teachers have to, salesmen have to, theatrical and moving picture managers have to, nearly everybody has to—in order to get along. Lord Northcliffe is the owner of over 100 publications.

By LORD NORTHCLIFFE

WHAT interests people? Themselves. Today the people of the Pacific Coast think that the Japanese question affects *them*, and they are *interested*. Americans on the Atlantic seaboard do not appear to be much concerned. Japan is far off. It does not apparently affect *them*—they are therefore, *not interested*.

Fortunately for magazines, there is a great number of people whose interests are impersonal, those who read for the genuine purpose of gaining information, for laying hold of a "talking point" for the dinner table.

The increasing interest in biographical and autobiographical writing is due to the modern growth of interest in the inner lives of public men and women.

The people of the United States have ever been particularly interested in humorous writing. Mark Twain, George Ade, Irvin Cobb, and other humorous writers are an absolutely American product, having no counterpart in any other country, doubtless due to your national habit of always seeing the funny side of a situation.

After all, it is yourself and your friends in whom you are interested. You read an article about health. It is to compare your condition with that described. In the same way, women read about fashions.

Perhaps the chief factor in *interest* is the interest of the *unexpected*, the

surprise in news, in fiction, in pictorial illustration.

A piece of unexpected news is a hundred times more interesting than some happening that has proceeded as we rather expected it would.

We newspapermen put it this way: a dog biting a man is not news—that happens every day. But a man biting a dog would be news.

By ARTHUR BRISBANE

One thing only interests all human beings always, and that is the human being himself.

The Greeks wrote it on their temple, "Know Thyself."

The human race struggled to know itself in its early savagery. It still struggles to know itself. It will still struggle to know itself, millions of years from now, when civilization will have begun.

Then, as now, and in the past, he that would interest people must tell them what they are *thinking*, and why they think it.

Tell a man whence he came, why he is here, whither he is going, and you will interest him.

All interest is tied up in three letters, *why*, the questioning word never fully answered.

Man is moved and controlled by *three interests*: (1) The instinct of self-preservation. (2) The instinct of reproduction. (3) The instinctive desire for achievement—ambition.

Such are the three interests planted in us to keep us here on his dreary planet, persuade us to perpetuate our kind, and gradually make life better.

The absolute savage thinks most of himself, next of his wife, third of his ambition—the glory of killing a rival, shooting well with bow and arrow.

A little further along, he calls himself chivalrous, some woman comes first; he will have himself killed for her in a duel or war.

In the man really developed, ambition—that is, duty to the human race—will be the most powerful interest; second, duty to family. Last

of all himself—self-preservation.

That which is within us interests us. Bunyan's description of the individual as *The City of Man's Soul* is the best description. Man is a city, as Bunyan showed, a city with many gates—Eargate, Eyegate, Nosegate, etc. A sort of two-legged harp with five strings, five senses is man, and to interest him you must play upon one or all of these strings. Tell him about HIMSELF—what he is, what he might be, what he has, what he should have, what he has been, what he may become.

In addition to being an intense egoist, man is a gossip. If he does not descend from the monkey there is a remarkably close relationship between them.

Every inhabitant of the monkey house is much interested in the things that happen to the other monkeys. Every inhabitant of our national monkey house on earth is much interested in what happens to all the other monkeys. To interest human beings, tell them about each other.

The difference between the man of today and the future man will be infinitely greater than the difference between Newton and the bushmen, able to count only to five.

All development in man is due to "what interests him."

A bull terrier is killing a cat, while a child looks on:

One man is interested in the dog; he is the savage.

Another sees only the suffering cat, torn to pieces; that man is half civilized.

A third pities the child exposed to degrading influence.

The third is most nearly civilized.

SID SAYS—

From an editorial in The American Magazine

One reason fiction sells so tremendously is that human beings, as they read it, keep putting themselves in the places of the various characters. They wonder whether *they* would have done what the people in the story did.

Biography is popular for the same reason.

Newspapers are read widely because the individual reads about things happening to individuals which might happen to him, and he keeps comparing himself with what he reads. For example, he reads in the newspaper that so-and-so has just fallen out of an eleventh-story window and broken his neck. He thanks God that he himself has not broken his neck, and he goes home and warns his wife and children to be more careful about windows. Furthermore, he is more careful *himself*!

The reason so much reading matter is unpopular and never attracts a wide reading public lies in the fact that the reader sees nothing in it for himself. Take an article, we'll say, entitled "The Financial System of Canada." It looks dull, doesn't it? Now take an article, "Why it is easier to get rich in Canada than in the United States." That's different! One bores you because it seems remote. The other interests you because the facts and ideas are translated into terms that are personal to you. The minute you become personal in this world you become interesting.

The man who refuses to use his imagination to enable him to look at things from the other fellow's point of view simply cannot exercise a wide influence. He cannot reach people.

Underneath it, somehow, lies a great law, the law of service. You can't expect to attract people unless you do something for them. How we abhor the man who talks only about himself, the man who never inquires about *our* troubles, *our* problems; the man who never puts himself in *our* place, but goes on hammering away on the *only* subject that interests him—namely, HIMSELF.

The Reader's Digest

The Farmer and His Troubles

*Digested from Current History, the monthly periodical issued by
The New York Times*

HENRY C. WALLACE

Secretary of Agriculture

1. No wonder the farmer complains.
2. Farmers' plight affects us all.
3. What pre-war prices would mean.
4. Drift toward cities only natural.
5. Farmers must receive fair prices.

WE have the finest rural civilization the world has ever seen, yet, despite the high intelligence and advanced methods of American farmers, they are now suffering severe financial losses throughout the entire nation.

People who are not familiar with agriculture find it hard to understand the situation. They refuse to believe that the depression is as serious as it is. They point to the high value of our land, to the high prices at which farm products have been selling prior to the heavy drop, to the large number of automobiles owned by farmers, to the apparent wealth on every side.

Prices of farm products have dropped out of all proportion to the prices of other things, as well as out of all proportion to the cost of production. For example, the price of corn today on the Iowa farm is about 20 per cent below the normal price of corn before the war; the price of oats about 21 per cent below the pre-war normal; the prices on the farm of fat cattle and hogs are down to pre-war normal.

Now note the prices of some of the things the farmer must buy. Wages of farm hands are about 100 per cent

above the pre-war normal; railroad rates are from 70 to 90 per cent higher; such basic commodities as pig iron, coke, petroleum, lumber, cement, are from 100 to 150, and in some cases 200 per cent above the pre-war normal.

2. In other words, while the farmer is selling the things he produces at prices no higher, and, for the great surplus crops, lower than before the war, he must buy practically everything he needs at prices from 50 to 150 per cent above the pre-war normal. The severe agricultural depression is inevitable as long as such a condition exists, and this depression will certainly be communicated to industry and business generally. We are brothers one to another. Anything which hurts the farmer will soon be communicated to all our citizens. The farmers probably represent 35 to 40 per cent of the population. Anything which seriously affects their buying power will bring trouble to the people who make or deal in the things the farmer buys.

3. It is a terrible indictment to our modern civilization that this great country should be in a state of what might almost be called economic chaos because of our great surplus food supply, while across the seas, in both directions, almost half the world is suffering for want of food.

We cannot hope to regain normal conditions until we reach a price level which will be fair to all our people and to all products. Farm products must come up in price, and other products must go down, until the normal relation between them has been restored. This talk of bringing prices, whether farm prices or other prices, back to the pre-war normal is wrong. We incurred a heavy national debt on the inflated prices. If now we force the prices back to the pre-

war normal it will be equivalent to just about doubling that debt. We can pay off our debts much more easily if we maintain a price level near to that at which the debts were incurred, say a level 70 per cent above the pre-war normal.

4. The farmers of the United States during the past seventy years have, *on the average*, sold grains and live stock at less than the cost of production, if the cost-total is figured to include a fair interest on the capital invested, and a fair wage for the actual labor expended. This statement has been corroborated by every scientific investigation made.

The farmers have been willing to make this sacrifice because, first, they have been willing to accept the value of the farm as a home as a part of the reward for their work; and, second, because there has been a steady increase in the value of farm land.

During all this period we have grown much more food than our own people could consume. As a result, we have had to compete with the farmers of the world in the great consuming markets, and take prices fixed by that competition.

The steady increase in the value of our land and the relatively low prices for farm products have caused a constant drift of young farmers to the towns and cities. This movement has been a perfectly natural movement, and fully justified by conditions. No amount of talk extolling the beauty of farm life can stop it.

5. Notwithstanding our increase in total population and the decrease in farm population, we have, until very recently, steadily increased food production per thousand of total population. This has been due to the use of labor saving machinery and from bringing into cultivation new areas of fertile land. We cannot keep up this pace in the future.

Most of our fertile land has been taken up. Other areas cannot be reclaimed and farmed unless we can depend upon higher relative prices for farm products than those which prevailed before the war. Under our system of farming we have produced far more per man than almost any other nation, but we have not produced nearly as much per acre as the nations of Europe. Our greatest increase in food production in the future must come from increasing our acre yields, but this, in turn, depends upon prices which will justify the increased cost.

The farmer is the one man engaged in a big business who has had no voice in fixing the price of the things he produces. He has been compelled to take what he could get. His cost of production has not at any time been considered. In times of small crops prices have been high. Very large crops, as a rule, give the farmer fewer dollars than small crops. Farming seems to be one business in which large production is always penalized.

The speculative value has been taken out of the land—the increase in its value will be much slower than in times past. The farmer can no longer depend upon the increase in the value of his farm to make good the losses suffered through his farming operations year by year. Farmers' crops must sell higher relatively in the future.

We must start in earnest the development of an agricultural policy which will enable us to feed our people at fair prices and, at the same time to retain the fertility of our soil, our greatest national material asset.

We are the best producers in the world but our sales system is very bad indeed. There is no time to be lost in studying everything which influences both production and price. The Department of Agriculture is shaping its activities with that thought always in mind.

Music---How It Affects Your Health

Condensed from Physical Culture

CHARLES D. ISAACSON

1. What music can do for you.
2. Observe the effect of music at a concert.
3. Music an aid to digestion; a cure for insomnia.
4. Music a curative agent in hospitals.
5. Use imagination in listening to music.

IN the physical man, music will relieve pains, improve the digestive functions, stimulate the organs, strengthen the lungs, give grace to the movements, relieve laziness, youthify the old, overcome insomnia. In the mental man, music will soothe the insane, calm the violent, rouse the melancholy, act as a prod to the slow-minded, stir the imagination (especially in children) unearth the poet, musician, sculptor, writer.

In the spiritual man, music will change morals, strengthen patriotism, loyalty, family love. It will rouse passion, sentiment.

The notes of a march make even horses eager to be moving. A cruel chord of Tschaiakowsky's "1812 Overture" turns the blood cold. "The Funeral March" of Chopin, dulls the senses. You couldn't run to that sound to save your life! I have taken a company of men on the march. Unconsciously they halt their steps to dismal music, unconsciously they hurry along to brisk melodies. I take a class of children

and change their steps as they walk, merely by changing the time of my music.

2. When you attend a concert, observe carefully the manifestations of the audience. During a solemn number, the faces grow sad. But during a lively composition, the entire aspect of the listeners changes. Your nerves respond to the musical tones; music makes a definite impression on the man who listens.

Your body is nothing but a great big storage battery which either is stored with energy or is as a dried-up can. Everything which serves to add to the stored up energy is good for you. Music is possessed of this vitalizing influence to a remarkable degree. Properly listened to, music makes tired, weary bodies lose their enervated state and become normal. A night at the opera is a glorious electrical bath.

Again, her mother puts her babe to sleep by singing a lullaby. "Lullaby"—the very word is proof of the lulling intent of the music. The song of the music numbs the senses, quiets the nerves.

When I was a youngster, my father, a great violinist, used to try this experiment when company came to the house: After a series of bright numbers, he would wink to me, and start a composition, so quietly, so softly, that the first thing you knew everybody would be yawning, heavy eyed and embarrassed.

3. Thousands of persons troubled with insomnia practically play them-

selves to sleep with the help of the phonograph.

Why do you suppose music was first thought of for restaurants. Because the proper music accentuates the secretion of the gastric juice and makes the food more easily digested. It has been observed that one eats more heartily, after listening to music for some time. For dyspeptics I recommend exercise and music. Just as I recommend music and exercise for anemic, thin persons.

4. I have demonstrated music as a curative agent in various hospitals. Let us take the Lakewood Hospital No. 9. Fifteen hundred soldiers, convalescing cases of shell shock, broken limbs, internal complaints. They were nervous, chafing, weak and broken-spirited. Lieutenant Heller, in charge of the Unit, confessed his skepticism in regard to the experiment. Especially when he read the program. "Tenor Solos from Paggiacci, Rigoletto, L'Africane; Soprano Solos from Tosca, Butterfly; Violin Solos by Sarasote, Chopin-Auer, Wieniowski, Spahr, Viott! "There is not a popular number on the program," he said.

Yet before the first aria was over, they were smiling and you could see that they had relaxed and were feeling better. The concert acted like a sedative upon their nerves, and actually relieved their pain. Lt. Heller declared it was miraculous, the way that the music changed these fifteen hundred convalescing soldiers.

At the Montefiore Home, where the majority of the audience are incurables—the concerts are a matter of tremendous importance. The patients

have come to realize that no matter how badly they feel, a few minutes of this new kind of medicine will make them much better. I use only happy numbers—"Gypsy Dances" and "Spanish Airs," "Rustlings of Spring," and "On the Wings of Song."

5. Sometimes I preface the music with a few remarks: "Now in order to have this music do you some good, you must do what I tell you. Don't simply listen to the music, but see what picture the music brings to you. If it seems to carry you out into the country, go right along with it. If it seems to bring messages of bye-gone days, go right along with it."

The imagination, in other words, was put to work.

When you feel tired or things are not going just right, singing is a splendid tonic. Singing makes you feel young again. Don't tell me that you can't sing. You can. I have the championship title for the worst singer in the United States. But I sing. You can't stop me from singing. I fall out of bed in the morning, and I must smile. I go about my work singing, and I find time and labor have no pain for me. Grouchy? One song will wipe it out.

Music should be in every hospital, every asylum, every institution where people are suffering from shattered nerves, and in fact, all ailments. Convalescents should be permitted to hear music. It would be the finest aid to their recovery. Not only should you cultivate music for its cultural and entertaining quality, but for its influence on your body. Music lovers ought to be, and generally are rosy-cheeked optimists.

Sold

A condensation from *The New Republic*

ROBERT COLLYER WASHBURN

1. "Salesmen are made and not born."
2. How is the public to defend itself?
3. Maintaining the morale of a sales force.

PERHAPS yours is one of the million or so families that were visited last summer by a smooth young man with a sales prospectus hidden under his coat and a glib way of gaining his entrance and your name by seeming a taker of the school census. Perhaps when he left with your deposit in his pocket and an easy, "I'll thank you today and you thank me a year from today," you may have sat back and wondered how it all happened.

You will recall that by the time he showed you the signature of your subscribing neighbors and added magnificently, "Of course, some are choosing them in one binding and some in another—which would you

choose?" you chose with the utmost docility. When he left, you thanked him heartily, and if you thought at all of the nice young man who had played with your baby and paid a sincere compliment to a lovely trifle of furniture you probably said,

"It's a gift—he's a born salesman."

But he is not. The slogan is now: "Salesmen are made and not born." And they are made at a wonderful rate. From the ranks of the college men comes their summer horde. Some "demonstrate" aluminum, some "take subscriptions" for maps as a "community enterprise," and some "place educational works." But their method is much the same; every word your salesman said to you he had memorized from a book of instructions; every night by its direction he practised before his mirror the art of paying "graceful, whole-souled compliments about the children, unique pieces of furniture, books, rugs and vases." His little personal touches, the amusing anecdote of his mother with which he clinched a point, even the angle at which he crossed his legs, and the distance he stood from the

A Favor Your Friends Will Appreciate

THE READER'S DIGEST, NO. 1 MINETTA LANE, NEW YORK CITY

I believe the following would be interested in the Reader's Digest:

_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____
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(Additional Spaces
on other side)

door when you answered the bell, he was taught in a week's training.

It used to be the custom for men "earning" their way through college to knock at your door and ask you to help them out by buying something. Times have grown more brisk. They now step up (according to their instructions) "with all the confidence of a sheriff who has walked nine counties to see you," and in six cases out of ten they force you to buy. How? By meanly playing upon your love of your children and your human interest—as well as your vanity. Taking advantage of peoples' weaknesses grew to be a bit too much for my stomach; after a week of it I quit.

The contest was too uneven; the "prospect" didn't begin to have a sporting chance. The company had classified all the objections she could possibly make to the proposition, and had given the precise method of turning each. The "Put it off" and the "Other Book" are not as hard to overcome as the "Can't Afford;" while the "Husband" excuse is the most amusing.

2. How a credulous and pitifully polite population is to defend itself against a salesmanship ruthless and informed by the discoveries of modern psychology, is something of a puzzle. Especially difficult it is in the case of the exploitation of rural counties (the "de luxe" territories, as they are

known in the trade), where the farmer's wife, with perhaps a good grade-school education, must match her wits against a college man who has the resourcefulness and confidence of his social background.

3. Yet, the college man does not realize what he does; he signed his contract with the company as the result of a sales-talk as nicely contrived as the one he now gives, and his morale is kept up by regular personal letters and a little weekly magazine wherein he may find his name on the Honor Roll. The propaganda that keeps him in the field is as good as the best that the Home Offices supply in war time, and it serves its purpose—it keeps him fit. It dwells on the romance. They are in "the heat of the battle" all the time, and the flush of success is never allowed to cool. They are "in motion" six days in the week, and they do not lose their "momentum." The affair is a great game of matching wits, of constantly growing in the knack of going just a little farther with people than you had ever dreamed possible—and of getting by.

Truly, salesmanship may be called the latest of the Fine Arts. "But what will happen," I asked of my instructors, "when most everyone has been trained in modern salesmanship? How will all the tricks work then?" They only smiled.

(Continued from other side)

You may use my name Yes ☐ No ☐

Signed _____

The Wonders of the Firmament

Excerpts from the National Geographic Magazine

WILLIAM JOSEPH SHOWALTER

1. The astronomer no "nature faker."
2. A 1,200-foot man with a 25-foot eye!
3. Our stupendous insignificance.

DEALING with distances in the endless reaches of space where a million miles are but as an inch in terrestrial measurements; studying worlds that are as much larger than ours as a mountain is bigger than an ant-hill; gauging the velocities of celestial travelers that outfly the speediest airplane as an express train outruns a snail, the astronomer is an explorer of realms that overpower the layman's comprehension and overwhelm his imagination.

Does the astronomer know what he is talking about? There are thousands of proofs that he does. For instance, the astronomer Halley predicted 75 years ahead when a certain comet would return, after traveling seven billion miles; and the comet reappeared on precisely schedule time.

Again, another astronomer observed the peculiar behavior of a star forty-seven trillion miles away and attributed it to the influence of an affinity in the heavens, which, however, was not visible. He said that this star and its affinity were traveling around a common center of gravity once every 48.8 years. Later, with the introduction of more powerful telescopes, the affinity was plainly seen, so that the astronomer knew what he was talking about.

The rival pulls of the sun and an unseen heavenly body were accounted to be responsible for the unusual action of a certain planet every now

and then. On this assumption, the prophecy was made that this unseen star would put in its appearance at a certain part of the heavens. And, sure enough, it was exactly on time and in the assigned position.

Once a ray of light was thought to be instantaneous. Dr. Simon Newcomb devised a speedometer for light. He erected a great revolving mirror two miles from the Washington Monument. At the latter's base he set up a stationary mirror. Then he turned the revolving mirror, which sent rays of light hurtling through space toward the fixed reflector. It caught them and hurled them back as a tennis player returns the ball. By elaborate computations Dr. Newcomb knew that the velocity of light is 186,330 miles per second—seven times around the world before you can say "Jack Robinson."

2. It is a far cry from the lens fashioned from a block of ice, with which Metius concentrated the rays of the sun and set fire to a piece of wood, to the great 100-inch Mt. Wilson telescope. The pupil of the human eye is about one-fifth of an inch in diameter. It brings to a focus on the retina only so many rays of light as fall within such an area. If it were one inch in diameter and could bring to a focus all the rays entering it, our vision would be 25 times as strong; if six inches, and the rays entering it could be centered on the retina, we could see an object 900 times as faint as those visible with the unaided eye.

We cannot regulate the size of the pupils of our eye at will, but we can build an artificial pupil that serves the same purpose. Men call such artificial pupils telescopes. Imagine trying to fill a narrow-necked bottle by catching raindrops as they fall. Rain falls all around, but only a few drops go into the bottle. Put a wide-mouthed funnel

into the neck of the bottle and see how much more water you catch. The telescope is merely a light funnel, wide-mouthed enough to catch many rays of light and to bring them so close together that they can all enter the pupil of the human eye.

The Yerkes telescope has a lens which alone weighs 1,000 pounds, and is carried in the upper end of the 6-ton, 62-foot tube which is 52 inches in diameter at the center—of greater dimensions than the most powerful gun ever built. To train this big spyglass on a star and keep it there requires that it be mounted on two bearings, one at right angle to the other.

To understand the function of these two bearings, imagine yourself on a merry-go-round, looking through a spyglass at a house away off in the distance. In order to keep the house in the field of vision, you would have to move the big end of the glass backward as you traveled forward. Also, it is impossible to see the house if the glass is pointed too high or too low. The earth is the merry-go-round and the star is the house in the distance. The movement is made by a huge clockwork that carries the big telescope as steadily as ever an hour-hand of a full-jeweled watch was driven by its mechanism.

Suppose that with your merry-go-round spyglass you should have two spider threads crossing one another at right angles on the eyepiece, and that the house you were looking at was a mile away; and then suppose that the glass was so powerful that you could see the head of a nail at that distance; and then further suppose that you kept the intersection of the two spider threads trained on the nail-head. Then you have a fair measure of the delicacy of the ad-

justment of the Yerkes telescope at Williams Bay, Wisconsin and the Mt. Wilson telescope in California.

The floors of modern observatories can be raised and lowered like an elevator so that the observer can always sit comfortably and look into the eyepiece.

A majority of star observations are made with photographic attachments, and not with the eye. Often a photographic plate will record in minutes what would require days to work out with eye observations. Some photographs are exposed for four nights.

The air tends to obstruct our sight. The air over a stove is full of heat waves. It is such waves that cause the fixed stars to twinkle. The observatories on mountains get rid of many atmospheric difficulties.

3. How insignificant are the forces on our own earth compared to the majestic might of the earth as it sweeps on its course around the sun. A famous scientist estimated that the power developed by a million Niagaras in a million years would not equal the energy expended by the earth in a single second as it circles round the sun.

But as soon as one looks out into space with the eye of the astronomer, there comes the discovery that in all its seeming greatness the earth is so small that even a telescope ten thousand times as powerful as the strongest instrument now in existence would not reveal it to an astronomer on any fixed star.

An artillery shell with the velocity of the solar system through space would penetrate a sheet of steel four city blocks thick, according to one scientist.

(Another article on this subject will appear in a later issue).

"I want to express my appreciation of The Reader's Digest. It is very interesting and I believe will fill a great need for the busy person. I wish you the great success that I am sure you will attain."—Dr. R. H. W., Pennsylvania.

About Clothes

1. Knickerbockers for women.
2. Starched shirts and collars.
3. More color in men's clothes.
4. In the days of long skirts.
5. The value of the first impression.
6. The psychological effect of clothes.

Extracts from the Literary Digest

WHEN a Chicago firm recently announced that it was prepared to make knickerbocker suits for women, editors discovered something new to talk about. A writer in the *Illustrated News* remarks that women will wear what they will, without advice from editors. The writer continues:

"Women don't wear clothes to please editors, or to please men especially, but to look well in the eyes of other women.

"They know that other women know. They know that men don't know.

"Women like to have men admire their clothes, but never in your life did you hear one of them telling a man in detail how a new frock was to be made.

"A woman will stand for a few minutes when she comes into a room where the men can see her. They will fall for the *tout ensemble*, but not for the technique. She gives the women time to take that in later, and if they are pleased or piqued, as the case may be, she is satisfied.

"Long skirts were never sanitary. Corsets were never comfortable. Yet women wore both for many years, serenely oblivious to anything that was said about them.

"Perhaps in the fulness of time a few ladies at Deauville, and a few ladies at Bearritz and a few more ladies at Ascot will appear in knickerbockers. The news will get around. It always does. Then skirts will vanish for a time, as corsets did and as long skirts did."

The Reader's Digest

Extracts from Current Opinion

2. A London tailor has expressed some interesting views on clothes:

"If starch is food, for goodness' sake eat it; do not plaster it on your bosom—bend it round your neck. The war taught us the value of soft silken shirts and collars. What woman ever wore starch in evening dress? Are we to assume that the mode of man is stiff and the manner of woman is light? The starched shirt must go.

3. "Why do some men dress like a collection of black beetles? There was a time when men were not afraid of color—it played a proper part in their lives. Why do so many men dare not swerve one hair's breadth from the sombre blacks and toneless grays. There is enough of hideous drab in life; psychologically, man should find some relief in his clothes. Clothes have an effect on the wearer. Yield to the inner clamoring for color, for brightness, for light and joy. Ugliness does not breathe virtue. Man is, sartorially, a timid beast, and feels himself lamentably untrained.

"Let us never forget that we have discovered Color and Beauty and have begun to realize their utility in a utilitarian age."

Digested from Physical Culture

4. There was an age when ladies skirts were yards around and trailed for yards on the ground, gathering up dust, mud and germs. If you heard a party of people discussing the dance of the night before, you were apt to hear that "Susie Smith can handle a train as well as any woman I ever saw," which meant that Susie had several square yards of surplus dress material sprawling over the floor, and that she could dance all evening without getting tangled up in it and falling down. I recall a cartoon of the early eighties in which two ladies were walking across an extremely muddy street corner and sweeping it so clean of mud and water with their skirts that two delighted men were following them

across dry-shod. Later on ladies took to carrying their skirts lifted a few inches off the ground. A lady walking on the street had but one hand free because the other was always carrying her dress.

In that age one of the most complimentary things you could say about a woman was, "You can span her waist with your two hands." Then and for many years afterward, most women looked as if they had been melted and poured into their clothes. And they wore bustles then!—probably the most ridiculous appendage to woman's dress ever devised in a frivolous world.

Extracts from McClure's Magazine

5. Take the first impression in dress. Involuntarily the eye notices a peculiarity which the memory is apt to retain. Many a caress, and, alas! many a frown, spring from the first glance.

Memory delights in retaining the pleasant features of the first impression. It may be a perfectly gloved hand stretched out in greeting. It may be the whole costume, so appropriate to the occasion. At all events, the first mental picture depends upon the clothes.

Of course, a perfect manner must go with perfect clothes. They are the complement of each other. When one is missing, the other will go astray.

This age is so commercial that the first impression in dress has a high business value. The smarter the business woman is in dress, the smarter she is thought to be in business. The tired business man will look up when she comes in just as he will look away when the mussy girl comes in.

Clothes not only reveal character,

but they betray character. There is no longer any set, inflexible style. Fashion offers a selection, and each woman should choose what is best suited to herself. Clothes should be a very part of the personality. They should make individuality more complete.

Extracts from The Delineator

6. A well known physician said: "Pretty clothes give pleasure to every one who sees them. The streets are gayer when women turn out in bright hats and clever frocks. A well-dressed woman literally gives happiness to those she meets, even though they are hardly conscious of her presence. A group of daintily gowned women spread a holiday air in the dreariest neighborhood. A pretty gown chases despair, acts as an emotional safety-valve.

"A woman can get a great deal of legitimate emotional pleasure out of her clothes. Almost all women dress nicely a part of the time, but many have a tendency to let down their standards when they are not interested in some particular man or when he is not present. One gets more continuous happiness by spreading out the dressing-up impulse until it becomes a habit and not a matter of especial occasion.

"The self-confidence which a becoming dress encourages in a woman and the poise which it gives her in meeting difficult situations is well known.

"'Pretty clothes for all women' is the slogan of every psychologist whom I interviewed. All women are better workers, pleasanter companions and happier humans when they give themselves the delight of being well dressed. Many a self-denying mother should be ordered a new dress on a doctor's prescription."

\$40,000 For a Hog. How Much For Your Child?

Digested from The Delineator

The story of the Iowa Child Welfare Research Station. By Dr. Bird T. Baldwin, Director, and Anne O'Hagan.

IN Iowa one day, not long ago, a two-year-old hog sold for forty thousand dollars. A vast sum for one animal. Yet that animal represented research, study, feeding—all that science could achieve in animal husbandry.

If a two-year-old Iowa hog may be worth forty thousand dollars, what is the potential value to the State of a two-year-old baby? What is the State doing to insure a human breed as fine in its way as the porcine and bovine breeds are in theirs? Iowa, and every other state, gives the farmer every possible help in the development of his business. What help does it give to fathers and mothers in the business of raising a magnificent crop of boys and girls?

Listen attentively to the answer, for it is astonishing, unique in the annals of the states. *Iowa has begun to give parents as much assistance in their problem as it gives poultrymen, dairymen and corn-growers in theirs. Iowa has started a Child Welfare Research Station.*

"My baby is six weeks old and weighs only eight pounds, and I would like to know what to do about it."

"What can I do about my boy, he stammers so?" or "About my girl. She is so sullen-like all the time."

"Their school work doesn't keep my girls busy. Their teachers say they can skip a grade. I should like to have them examined for physiological and pedagogical age, to see whether they might continue in their regular classes and take extra, outside work."

"Can you send us a speaker for our Forum meeting, to discuss the adolescent boy?"

Such queries come thick and fast. Today in Iowa there is a constant stream of information and of help flowing to the parents and teachers of the State from the Station designed to study the normal child as scientifically as the agricultural experiment station studies farm animals. The Station is an integral part of the University of Iowa.

Iowa is the one state in the Union which has, up to this moment, given convincing proof that it believes its children as important a state crop as corn and pigs. There is but one state experiment station to which the parents and educators of the whole country must turn for accurate, continuous, scientific data in regard to normal children.

Other states, of course, will follow. A number are already conducting campaigns of education for the Iowa idea.

Iowa had provided fairly progressive legislation for dependent, defective and delinquent children. But what led the Iowa legislator to the acknowledgment that the so-called normal child must also be studied for the sake of its highest possible development? What overthrew the pious old delusion that parenthood conferred not only unselfish affection but expert knowledge upon human beings, and that a mother's instincts were the surest guides to the proper rearing of children?

The answer is—the organized women of Iowa, and especially one woman, Mrs. Cora Bussey Hillis, of Des Moines. Mrs. Hillis in her own experience found what millions of other mothers have found, that love and patience and prayer are not enough for the training of children; that there must be knowledge, ac-

curate, indisputable, about the way in which children should grow, both in mind and body. She saw that there must be a scientific study of normal children, and a station for the dissemination of information gained. Mrs. Hillis interested all sorts of organizations, both men's and women's, until, when the bill establishing the station passed the legislature in 1917, it was sponsored by a resistless army of public opinion.

Now, what is the normal child for the study and development of whom this station exists? The personality of a child is a unity compounded of physical and mental parts, each part seeking to grow and expand according to the law of its being. Science considers each of these parts separately for the purpose of analysis and then, so to speak, reassembles the parts into a whole. In the past the habit has been to call this whole "the average child of such and such an age."

But parents and teachers know, in practice if not in theory, that there is so much variation in the maturity of different parts of that complex organism, the child's personality, that "average age" in the chronological sense is a misnomer. There are more ages than one. A child's life, in span of years, the psychologists call the *chronological age*; his *physiological age* is his age by physical standards, height, weight, health; his *mental age* is his age according to his reactions to life and play; his *pedagogical age* is his status as graded in school. And his *social age* is his adjustment to the normal pastimes and occupations of his playmates in similar age groups.

Take, for example, Johnny, thirteen years old. He has immense enthusiasm for baseball; he is stupidity itself over algebra; he is one loud hoot

of scorn for other thirteen-year-old boys who have in his language begun to "buzz" girls; he is, his mother thinks, about fifty when it comes to interpreting a knock in the ear and removing it. Chronologically, he is thirteen years; physiologically he is "short for his age;" mentally, the exactness of his perceptions and the development of his capacities in mechanics are those of a trained adult, but pedagogically algebra sets him back a year or two. His contempt for girls and for boys who have begun to be interested in girls writes him down as young physiologically, and perhaps socially also.

It is to find out and to tell the people of Iowa how each set of capacities in a child may be helped to develop evenly and fully that this Station conducts its investigations. It is for this purpose that there is a nutrition laboratory in which food scientists experiment to learn what foods, in what quantities, help most in the development of big, strong babies. It is for this purpose that psychologists work with classes of children and with individual children to learn the bent of their minds, the things, physical or mental, which help or hinder their free development.

There are over seventeen million children of six years or under in this country. Are these children to be permitted to enter school with serious defects and handicaps? What are the principles governing the growth and development of "normal" children? How may the good be conserved and made better? How may special talents be discovered, and how best may these be trained? How may happiness and usefulness be assured to the great army of children? Iowa is a pioneer state in trying to find the answer to these questions.

How to Live on 24 Hours a Day

ARNOLD BENNETT

Condensed extracts from "How to Live on 24 Hours a Day"—essays which reflect upon the value of a day; brilliantly witty, and at the same time full of practical advice. \$1.00, George H. Doran and Co., New York.

Mr. Bennett is the author, also, of "The Human Machine," "Literary Taste," "Mental Efficiency."

YOU wake up in the morning, and lo! your purse is magically filled with 24 hours of the manufactured tissue of the universe of your life. It is yours. It is the most precious of possessions. No one can take it from you. And no one receives either more or less than you receive. Genius is never rewarded by even an extra hour a day. Waste your infinitely precious commodity, and the supply will never be withheld from you. Moreover, you cannot draw on the future. You can waste only the passing moment. Your happiness depends on your right use of this 24 hours of daily time. Which of us has not been saying to himself all his life, "I shall do this, or that, when I have a little more time?" And so the years slip by, and we are haunted, more or less painfully, by the feeling that we have not yet been able to get our lives into proper working order.

If we analyse that feeling we shall perceive it to be a vague, uneasy aspiration to do something in addition to those things we are obliged to do. This wish is common to all men who have risen past a certain level. Until an effort is made to satisfy that wish, it will remain to disturb the peace of the soul. That wish is one form of the universal desire for knowledge.

The most important preliminary to the task of arranging one's life so that one may live fully and comfort-

ably within one's daily budget of 24 hours, is the calm realization of the extreme difficulty of the task, of the sacrifices and the endless effort which it demands. If you will not be content with a small result for a big effort, then do not begin, let me warn you against your own ardour. Beware of undertaking too much at the start. Be content with quite a little. Allow for accidents. Allow for human nature, especially your own. Avoid at any cost the risk of an early failure.

You say your day is already full to overflowing. How? You actually spend in earning your livelihood—how much? Seven hours on the average? And in actual sleep, seven? I will add two hours, and be generous. And I will defy you to account to me on the spur of the moment for the other eight hours.

Now the great mistake the typical man makes in regard to his day is a mistake of general attitude, a mistake which vitiates and weakens two-thirds of his energies and interests. He begins his business functions with reluctance, as late as he can, and he ends them with joy, as early as he can. Yet he persists in looking upon those hours from ten to six as "the day," to which the ten hours preceding them and the six hours following them are nothing but a prologue and epilogue. If a man makes two-thirds of his life subservient to one-third, for which he admittedly has no absolute feverish zest, how can he hope to live fully and completely. He cannot.

During sixteen hours of the day my typical man is free; he is just as good as a man with a private income. This must be his attitude. And his attitude is all important. If he wishes to live fully and completely he must, in his mind, arrange a day within a day.

What? You say that full energy given to those sixteen hours will lessen the value of the business eight?

Not so. On the contrary, it will assuredly increase the value of the business eight. Mental faculties are capable of a continuous hard activity; they do not tire like an arm or leg. All they want is change—not rest, except in sleep.

In justice to the typical man I must say he wastes very little time before he leaves the house in the morning. But immediately he bangs the front door his mental faculties, which are tireless, become idle. He walks to the station in a condition of mental coma. Arrived there, he usually has to wait for a train. My typical man thinks so little of time that it has never occurred to him to take quite easy precautions against its loss.

You get into the train with your newspaper. I am an impassioned reader of newspapers—seven of them. Newspapers are produced with rapidity, to be read with rapidity. The idea of devoting to them 30 or 40 consecutive minutes of wonderful solitude is to me repugnant. No newspaper reading in trains! I have already "put by" about three-quarters of an hour for use.

Now you reach your office. And I abandon you there till six o'clock. You may read your newspapers during the noon hour. I meet you again as you emerge from your office. You are tired. You don't eat immediately on your arrival home. After eating you smoke; you see friends; you potter; you play cards; you flirt with a book; you note that old age is creeping on. By Jove! Time to think about going to bed. Six hours have gone since you left the office—gone like magic, unaccountably gone!

When you arrange to go to the theatre (especially with a pretty woman) what happens? You rush to the suburbs; you spare no toil in dressing; you rush back to town; you keep yourself on the stretch for four hours; you take her home. Fatigue has been forgotten. Can you deny that when you have something definite to look forward to at eventide, the thought gives a glow and a more intense vitality, to the whole day?

I suggest that at six o'clock you

look facts in the face and admit that you are not tired. You have a clear expanse of at least three hours after your evening meal. I suggest that you might, for a commencement, employ an hour and a half every other evening in some important and consecutive cultivation of the mind.

I am going to ask you to attempt an experiment which, while perfectly natural and explicable, has all the air of a miracle. My contention is that the full use of those seven-and-a-half hours will quicken the whole life of the week, add zest to it, and increase the interest in even the most banal occupation. You practice physical exercises for a mere ten minutes morning and evening, and your physical health is beneficially affected every hour of the day, and your whole physical outlook changed.

People complain of the lack of power to concentrate, not witting that they may acquire the power. And without the power to concentrate—the power to dictate to the brain its task and to ensure obedience—true life is impossible. Mind control is the first element of a full existence.

Hence, it seems to me, the first business of the day should be to put the mind through its paces. Nothing is simpler. No tools required. Not even a book. Nevertheless, the affair is not easy. When you leave your house, concentrate your mind on a subject. You will not have gone ten yards before your mind has skipped away under your very eyes and is larking with another subject. Bring it back by the scruff of the neck. Ere you have reached the station you will have brought it back forty times. Do not despair. Continue. Keep it up. You will succeed.

Throw away the suggestion—and you throw away the most precious suggestion that was ever offered to you. It is not my suggestion. It is the suggestion of the most sensible, practical, hard-headed men who have walked the earth. Try it. Get your mind in hand. And see how the process cures half the evils of life—especially worry, that miserable, avoidable, shameful disease—worry!

The Picturesque Gypsies

Condensed from The Living Age

1. Speeding down the Gypsy Trail.
2. From whence came the Gypsy?
3. Kings welcomed the picturesque caravans.
4. Will the Gypsy become extinct?

AERICAN Gypsies were slow in adopting the motor-car and the Pullman, but they have discovered them. Think of a band of Gypsies traveling in motor-cars and another chartering a Pullman car for a trip across the country to attend a convention of Gypsies. Modern invention is taking the romance out of everything.

All sentiment will go out of the Gypsy life if they are going to travel like the rest of us. What is to become of the van with the gaudily painted sides, with the dark-haired girls peering out from between red curtains, and strange, silent men, a cavalcade as alluring in its mystery as the red and gilt wagons of a circus traveling overland. And the Gypsy-camp beyond the creek, with old crones sitting about the log-fire smoking and telling fortunes. If the Gypsies take to ordinary railway and motor-cars, the next step will be to abandon roadside camp and to live in hotels and boarding houses, then to a home in town, and finally—will they be swallowed up in the melting pot?

2. The Gypsies are a race as exterminable as the Jews. Unlike

the Jews, however, they are held together, not by a common tradition of home, but by a common tradition of homelessness. They are the only race in the civilized world that did not care a penny for the Peace Conference. They have stolen most things in their time, but they never stole a country.

When they began their wanderings over Europe in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, they declared that they had come from Little Egypt and were on their way to Rome to do penance for the sin of their race. Their fathers, they said, had refused to receive the infant Jesus when Joseph and Mary had fled into their country during the persecution of Herod. Like Cain, they were exiles under a curse.

Unhappily for this romantic legend, none of the historians will admit that the Gypsies originally came from Egypt. Though they are to be found in Egypt, as in Siberia and Australia, it seems to be the general opinion that they came to Europe from India, by way, perhaps, of Armenia and Persia. There is an old story that in the fifth century the Persian king brought ten thousand minstrels from India to his court. The minstrels, however, turned out to be such prodigals that the king in disgust drove them forth, with their instruments—a horde of wanderers with nothing but their songs to earn them a livelihood.

3. Gypsies have a tradition. They have a world of their own. They dress in bright colors. There is a touch of the sorcerer about them.

They are not mere paupers who have deserted their families. They are social beings, and their caravans and campfires are a source of wonder. They are a decoration of this subdued world. What sentence could be more opalescent with romance than that in which their first arrival in Europe has been described: "Under the leadership of earls and counts, riding on horseback, dressed out in fantastic and gaudy attire, with hawks and hounds in their retinue, they appeared in the fifteenth century in France, Hungary, Germany, Poland and Italy." It is no wonder that at first they gained even the favor of kings.

The Emperor Sigismund was the first ruler to grant them protection, and in 1505 we find James IV of Scotland writing to the King of Denmark to introduce to his favor "Anthony Gajino, Earl of Little Egypt, and others of his retinue." James V, again, delegated considerable authority to a "John Faw, Lord and Earl of Little Egypt."

The good fortune of the Gypsies did not last long, however. Their dark and foreign looks soon made them objects of popular suspicion and superstition, and it was easy to rouse public feeling against them both as thieves and as sorcerers. They were even accused of cannibalism under the Inquisition.

4. It may be doubted whether any race has contributed so little to civilization as the Gypsies. It is possible that playing-cards were introduced to Europe through them. But the greatest thing they have given is themselves and the picturesque and

highly colored romance of their lives.

That he has survived as a separate type during all these centuries is due entirely to the fact that the Gypsy had no ambition to settle down as an ordinary civilized being. He has never been the sort of man who will be a martyr for his want of principles. It is, perhaps, his want of principles that has made him so easy to live with. If he were a man of principle, like a Mormon, there would be a public agitation to get rid of him. As it is, he is seldom worse than a nuisance. Even so, it is likely that, as the toleration of the tramp and the beggar grows less, the Gypsy will disappear. His race all the world over cannot now number much more than a million. As he is caught young and put to school and mixed with other races on equal terms, he, too, will in the end be tempted into civilization as our own nomadic ancestors were. But so marked a type will leave traces behind it, and popular fiction for centuries to come will contain a long procession of heroines who inherit from some remote ancestor a Gypsy face and a Gypsy heart.

It may be, on the other hand, that Gypsyism is itself so deep-rooted and so unamenable to the school room that the Gypsies will still feel at home only in one another's easy-going company. There is obviously in the Gypsies a genius for survival which some superior races, such as the Maoris and the Red Indian, do not possess. Perhaps their secret is that they happen not to be noble but parasites.

Taking the Water out of the Cost of Living

Abstracted from the Popular Science Monthly

JAMES H. COLLINS

1. Fascinating economies made possible by dehydration.
2. Foreign trade should be benefited.
3. Dried locusts ancient dehydrated food.
4. New processes retain full flavor.
5. Dehydrated coffee, including cream and sugar.
6. Dehydration will affect nearly everyone.

CAN-OPENER or faucet? Which is the housewife to find most useful as an aid in preparing the family meals? Shall she continue to serve canned vegetables, or shall she adopt the new dehydrated products now appearing on the market? Dehydrated vegetables possess many advantages; but to offset these is the fact that the American public is not accustomed to eating them. Habit and convenience will make the can-opener more useful than the hydrant until a long series of advertising campaign has educated the public in the use, and, it might be added, in the manufacture of dried foodstuffs.

With modern dehydrating processes you can take a bushel of sweet potatoes weighing forty-six pounds and reduce it to ten pounds; a bushel of spinach weighing ten pounds shrinks to a little more than twelve ounces; a side of beef is so reduced in bulk that it can be shipped in one eighth the space required for fresh meat. Eighty per cent of water can be eliminated from milk, so that it becomes fascinating to figure out the possible economies in weight, bulk and freight charges.

If a carload of fresh potatoes containing a thousand bushels and weighing thirty tons is dehydrated, it can be brought down to less than six tons—a load for a motortruck. That saves freight, hauling, handling, decay, eliminates the danger of freezing, leaves all the culls and skins in the country. Every pound of potatoes is net. Dehydration promises to reduce our annual bill for freight and hauling, as well as to save millions of pounds of perishable products which, from season to season, cannot be profitably marketed on account of car shortages, distance, gluts, and other handicaps.

2. The saving to be effected by the use of dried products is indicated by the estimated cost of canned tomatoes shipped from California to France. A case of canned tomatoes costing \$2.60 in California costs \$7.00 laid down in Havre. The equivalent amount of dried tomatoes selling at 26 cents in California costs 40½ cents in France, a saving of 94 per cent.

3. Herodotus, the father of history, tells of the custom of drying locusts in the sun, after which they were ground to powder and the powder sprinkled upon milk to drink. John the Baptist mixed his locust powder with wild honey. We could scarcely have gotten along without dried foods before the introduction of canning, about a hundred years ago. Dried corn, codfish, apples, peaches, plums and cherries carried us through the winter. And our pioneers dried over the fire their strips of venison. Civilization grew on dehydration, but no improvements to speak of have been made in the art until recently. In the past all systems of drying have changed the texture of the food. The process was too sudden or too severe.

4. The war aroused widespread interest in the possibilities of dehydration, but nine-tenths of these war products were inferior. They didn't keep; had lost their flavor; wouldn't "come back" when soaked in water. It is now possible to dehydrate in such a way that the cells do not close up; the food product is never totally dried, yet it will keep indefinitely. When dehydrated foods are soaked, they will take back into the cells almost the same amount of water originally contained in them; they will become fresh vegetables again, just as good as before they were dehydrated.

Even so, there remains a very serious drawback, and that is the consumer habit, the partiality for the things they have always used. Then, too, dehydrated products must be soaked, which takes time.

Popular interest in dehydration has centered on farm crops. But the growth of scientific drying today is found in other fields. Powdered coffee is a recent achievement. It is made, not by pulverizing the coffee bean, but by brewing good coffee, and then passing it through an apparatus that sprays it into a chamber where heat instantly evaporates the water, the solid particles of the brew falling as powder to the floor. This powder, put in hot water again, immediately becomes coffee, and one could even have the milk and sugar in it if desired.

In a New York laboratory, the writer saw dried orange-juice, which, stirred in water, was exactly like juice from the fresh fruit; and dried lemon-juice. Grape-juice, milk, yeasts, rennet—these are all furnished in powder form.

The possibilities are alluring.

A California company recently shipped its first carload of pumpkin

flour to Eastern markets, a product made by dehydrating pumpkins and drying them into flour. This concern also turns out dehydrated potatoes, carrots, turnips, onions, rutabagas, spinach, string-beans, a vegetable soup, and a "New England dinner." It also dehydrates peaches, pears, apricots, apples and prunes.

The solution of New York's future milk problem may be dehydration.

6. It is estimated that 54 per cent of the output of fresh fruits and vegetables go to waste in this country every year. Dehydration will eliminate that waste—technically. But the better a new product or idea, very often, the more slowly it grows. Canning was first brought to this country in 1821, but it took twenty years to apply it to one product, oysters.

Ultimately dehydration will affect every industry, especially producers of food everywhere. It affects the shipping business, since it will be possible to send abroad ten times as much food in a ship as now. It affects the railroads; also the great business of canning and preserving foods of all kinds. It affects those producers who profit by their nearness to market. It affects those localities remote from market, since it decreases the disadvantages from which they suffer. It affects the enormous meat industry. I am convinced that new processes of dehydration that are now coming in will make it much more profitable to preserve many meats by taking the water out of them than by salting, smoking and using cold storage. I am convinced that an immense industry will be established in the dehydration of fish and shell-fish. Dehydration affects everybody who produces, handles, sells, buys, cooks or eats, food. This takes in everybody.

When Spiders Fly

Digested from Country Life

AGNES L. B. KING

DO YOU KNOW:

1. How the spider builds his suspension bridge?
2. That the spider builds a balloon, and sails away—high above rivers and wood?

THE means by which spiders succeed in getting horizontal strands of web across wide spaces is something of a mystery to most people. A recently published account states that one species of New England spider makes use of a pine needle, which he fastens to the end of his line and then depends on the wind to carry it across to its destination, or at least to some place where it will catch and hold. That the spider has any special destination for this line is wholly improbable. He spins out the floating strand, and whether with the needle or not, it is pretty sure to catch and become attached to the other side.

Any one familiar with the woods has felt these strands draw across his face when walking in wood roads and paths. Some of them are filmy and invisible, others, taut and strong, like a fine white thread. This is when the little bridge has been long undisturbed. Every time the spider has crossed, he has strengthened it by a new thread, for a spider never moves without spinning out a thread as he goes. It is his means of getting home again.

These bridges over wide spaces are

almost wholly for traveling purposes. I have rarely ever found them one above another with the cross web or net suspended between them. The nets are usually in shorter spaces.

But there are other means besides the pine needle by which spiders accomplish this work.

A thread of web is so filmy that it will float on a light current of air. Taking advantage of a breeze, the spider on the windward side spins out filaments of web, which, carried by the wind, extend till they reach and cling fast on the other side. He then fastens his own end, and, as one strand is always sufficient to support a spider's weight, the completion of the bridge is a simple matter.

2. But spiders accomplish far greater feats of transportation than by way of their own bridges. Just as he made use of the breeze to carry the beginning of his bridge, so he makes use of the wind to be carried bodily himself. Making a kite of himself, with long streamers of web which act like a little balloon, he launches out upon the wind, and crosses rivers and wood, a venturesome voyager to unknown lands.

This is a well-known phenomenon at certain times of the year, often spoken of by naturalists and writers. The late Alpheus Hardy, one of Maine's most eminent naturalists, once told me of spending a day wind-bound on an island in the St. Lawrence River, and of observing a great migration of spiders across the river. All day, trailers of web were drifting

through the air, he said, many of them so long that the spiders at the upper ends were invisible, while others were low enough to be seen and to catch at once near the shores of the island.

Once I watched a spider with a little silken cable across the top of a water cask. The spider passed round the top of the cask to the point where one of the ends was fastened, he examined it and finding it all right, sped round to the opposite end and gave that the same test. Then he sat down close to it, seemingly with an eye to watching his property. After I tampered with the web, he seemed to know it at once, and again investigated both ends of the strand as he had done before. Then I gently detached the end of the thread opposite where he was sitting. This happened to be the side from which the breeze was blowing.

Very quickly he discovered that something had happened, and began running about on the edge of the cask. He searched back and forth, where the web should have been fastened, then went back to the other side.

After a short time he came round to the side where I had broken the web, and fastened a new, fine, filmy strand to the edge of the cask, the other end floating in the air. Then he went around to a place about opposite, found the floating end, fast-

ened it, and crossed over on the single line, so fine as to be almost invisible. It reminded me of the circus rope-walker. It was plain that he had chosen the windward side from which to spin a web, which had been wafted over.

On this line he kept passing back and forth, the strand yielding less and less to his weight and growing larger and whiter. At last it was as firm and white as the one that I had broken.

It required much hardening of heart to touch it, but I broke it again, and exactly the same process of examination took place as in the first instance, and in the end the same process of rebuilding. A third time I broke it, and a third time a new bridge was built.

I broke it the fourth time, and now the spider remained quiet. Soon I perceived a flat thread of web issuing from the back of his body, which grew wider and larger and more massed and tangled till it became a little buoyant cloud as large as the end of one's little finger. It seemed like nothing so much as a little ragged balloon, as it swayed lightly in the air. Suddenly, he let go his hold, and up went his balloon, spider and all into the air, drifting out of sight high over the top of the house. It was as plain as day that he wanted nothing more to do with that cask or the region round it.

"What Fools We Mortals Be"

The gist of an article in Success

ORISON SWETT MARDEN

1. The surprising prevalence of superstition among educated persons.
2. Superstition ignores law of cause and effect.
3. Some pet superstitions of stage folk.
4. Common superstitions handed down from witch-baiting ancestors.

SOMEONE says that "superstition has a tenacity of life that no religion possesses." It is true that under a veneer of education and culture, even the most enlightened men and women are still influenced by the crudest superstitions. There are up-to-date business men in every town of the United States, many of them college men, who are just as superstitious as the medieval knight who would not start on any enterprise until he had touched a hunchback with his fingers. In fact I know of one business man who has absolute faith in this ancient superstition. He will not make any important moves in his business, will not even start the day's affairs until he has touched a hunchback. He actually hires one for this purpose.

A few years ago, the University of Oregon, through its psychological department, had the students fill out forms stating their superstitions, beliefs, if they had any; how such beliefs affected their lives; their conduct; why they permitted them to so influence them, etc. etc. The investigation showed that more than eighty per cent of the students were influenced by various common superstitions, such as knocking on wood; the number 13; the four-leaf clover; a falling star; Friday, the 13th; and similar alleged trouble-bearing signs.

Now, college students are supposed to be more intellectually progressive than those who have no ambition for higher education, and when we find eighty per cent of the students of a representative up-to-date western university influenced, more or less, by the crudest superstitions, it is small wonder that we find men and women in every rank victims of traditional ignorance.

Think of the fearful grip which the 13 superstition continues to have on the minds of men and women in all walks of life! Yet if you should ask any of them why they are afraid of this particular number or the direful combination of Friday, the 13th, they could not tell you. Their minds are simply filled with an unreasoning fear, born of an ignorant superstition, handed down from generation to generation since the days of our witch-baiting ancestors.

2. Every intelligent person knows that nothing in the world can possibly take place without cause, that there must be some force, some power or intelligence back of every effort or result of any kind, good or bad. Is there any mental force in the word "Friday," any power to plan, to create, to hinder, or to help? Is there any inherent force in a mere arbitrary sign like the figure 13? The most ignorant person, it would seem, should know that the arbitrary number, 13, has no more power to produce any effect, to cause any calamity, than a drop of ink or paint. The fact that the ink or paint is put into the form of the numeral, 13, on the door of a hotel room, or a stateroom of a steamer, does not add any force or power to it. It is merely an arbitrary symbol, just as Friday is designed for our convenience to mark time. What have these lifeless symbols to do with causing things?

3. The people of the stage are especially noted for their super-

stitutions. It is said that David Belasco will not allow the members of his company to speak the last word of the manuscript of a new play at dress rehearsal because he believes that it will "hoodoo" the play. Mrs. Fiske thinks that a hair brush laid on her dressing table with the bristles up, would mean failure for her. Robert Mantell will not permit himself to pass any one on the stairs of a theatre.

An interview in *The Saturday Evening Post* tells of some of most extraordinary superstitions of grand-opera stars. Madame Tetrazzini, for example, will not go on for a performance until she has dropped a dagger onto the floor three times. If it sticks each time it is a good omen and she feels that she will sing well. If not, it disturbs her during the whole opera. Zenatello carries a rabbit's foot when he sings. Once he forgot it and had a bad case of nerves. Some opera stars knock on the scenery before going on to the stage. Others stamp on the floor three times. Many grand-opera stars regard the color green as a sort of a hoodoo.

4. When salt is spilled, it is a common thing to see the person who spilled it throw some over his left shoulder in order to placate the devil who, in olden times, was supposed to

stand at one's left shoulder. How many millions have been made happy by finding a four-leaf clover; and how many other millions have been made wretched because of the breaking of a looking glass, which they believed was an omen that someone within the family would die within a year.

It is amazing to think how many men and women, levelheaded and practical in all other respects, are seriously affected by these silly and stupid superstitions, all of which had their origin in ancient and medieval times in the belief of all sorts of devils, gnomes, evil spirits, witches, soothsayers and the like. How many people, today, for instance, who hang a horse-shoe over the door in the belief that it will bring them good luck, realize that this was a common practice in witch-burning days as a protection against the entry of witches into their homes? How many persons who consult clairvoyants, fortune tellers, crystal gazers, palmists, mediums, and resort to ouija boards and spirit rappings to find out things hidden or occult, realize that these ancient superstitions ante-date Christianity by thousands of years, that they go back to and beyond Biblical history?



History and the Limitation of Armaments

Adapted from articles in America and The Forum

Contrary to a common impression, the limitation of armaments is not a new idea, but has many precedents in history.

1. Why there are no battleships on the Great Lakes.
2. Chile and Argentine scrapped their navies in 1902.
3. Agreements between Sweden and Norway; France and Italy.
4. Forerunners of the Washington Conference.

IT is a trite saying that "under the sun there is nothing new." The Conference on the Limitation of Armaments is no exception.

The Great Lakes had been the theater of bloody combats during the War of 1812. The danger of competitive navy building upon the Lakes was perceived by Mr. Monroe and Mr. Adams after the War, when an agreement was reached reducing the naval establishments of the United States and Great Britain on the Lakes to four small gunboats each, the demolition of all other war ships, and an agreement to construct no others. Under this agreement, the two countries have lived peaceably for more than a century.

2. A later American example also is furnished by the agreement between Chile and the Argentine in 1902-3, by which the fleets of the two nations were dismantled, vessels in course of construction sold, both countries agreeing neither to buy or build

warships for a period of five years.

3. In 1905, when Sweden and Norway dissolved their union and both sides were already arming, a peaceful arrangement between the two countries proved possible. A permanent neutral zone was created between Sweden and Norway. It was in 1905, also, that it was proposed that France and Italy gradually do away with their respective fortifications along the Italian frontier. France reduced the costs for these fortifications and Italy is said to have acted in like manner.

4. As early as 1831, the King of France called together a conference on disarmament. Delegates of England, Austria, Russia and Prussia participated, and an agreement based upon general principles was reached.

In the conventions annexed to the Peace of Paris in 1856, Russia and Turkey bound themselves mutually, for the purpose of neutralizing the Black Sea, to limit the number of their vessels on that sea, and not to establish any military arsenals on the shores thereof. With the money saved by the lessening of military and naval expenses, internal and coast improvements were made. Good roads were built.

As early as 1899, Lord Goschen, head of the British Admiralty, declared in the name of the Government, that Great Britain was ready to cut down its plans of naval building if the other Powers would do likewise. Since this period the English ministers have continually

spoken in favor of the decrease of armament.

In 1898 the Czar of Russia summoned the First Hague Conference. The initial purpose was to reduce "the excessive armaments which weigh upon all nations."

But the world at that time was not ready to grapple with the problem. Germany was dreaming and planning a world dominion. Failure also attended the efforts of the British, French and American delegates to the Second Conference held at the Hague nine years later. Again, the German Government blocked the movement, its delegates maintaining that Germany was thriving commercially in proportion to the growing strength of her army and navy.

The Peace Treaty of Versailles was framed to secure against a new growth of German military or naval power. More than that, the limitations imposed upon the maintenance of armies or navies in Germany were stated to be designed "in order to render possible the initiation of a general limitation of the armaments of all nations." Article 8 of the Covenant of the League of Nations sets forth that:

"The members of the League recognize that the maintenance of peace requires the reduction of national armaments to the lowest point consistent with national safety, and the enforcement by common action of

international obligations."

The Committee of the League reported in September, 1921 that no complete scheme of reduction of armaments could be carried out without the co-operation of the United States, Germany and Russia, and for that reason it welcomed the forthcoming Conference in Washington.

The fever of naval competition was so active in America in 1921 that the Senate proposed to increase the naval appropriation from four hundred to five hundred million dollars, but the House of Representatives refused its consent. Senator Borah caused to be inserted in the Naval Appropriation Bill a clause requesting the President to invite Great Britain and Japan to a conference for the purpose of reaching an agreement substantially to reduce the naval building programs of all three nations during the next five years. But the President, in acting on this suggestion looked far beyond its limitations. Possibly he saw in it an opportunity once more to range America in the movement which she had so nobly aided at the Hague Conference, looking towards measures to secure the peace of the world. Here was an opportunity to show that we are not animated by military ambitions or lust of conquest.

So may we strengthen our leadership and justify our prosperity in the eyes of the nations and in the sight of God.

The Art of Opening a Conversation

Condensed from Vanity Fair

STEPHEN LEACOCK

OPENING a conversation is really the hardest part. It may best be studied in the setting and surroundings of the Evening Reception, where people stand upright and agonize, balancing a dish of ice-cream. Here conversation reaches its highest pitch of social importance. One must talk or die. Something may be done to stave it off a little by vigorous eating. But the food at such affairs is limited. There comes a point when it is absolutely necessary to say something.

The beginning, as I say, is the hardest problem. Other communities solve it better than we do. In China, conversation between strangers after introduction is always opened by the question, "And how old are *you*?" This strikes me as singularly apt and sensible. Here is the one thing that is common ground between any two people, high or low, rich or poor—how far are *you* on your pilgrimage in life?

Compare with the Chinese method the grim, but very significant, formula that is employed in the exercise yards of our penitentiaries. "What have you brought?" asks the San Quentin or Sing Sing convict of the new arrival, meaning, "And how long is *your* sentence?" There is the same human touch about this, the same common ground of interest, as in the Chinese formula.

But in our polite society we have as yet found no better method than beginning with a sort of medical diagnosis—"How do you do?" This

admits of no answer. Convention forbids us to reply in detail that we are feeling if anything slightly lower than last week, but that though our temperature has risen from ninety-one-fifty to ninety-one-seventy-five, our respiration is still normal.

Still worse is the weather as an opening topic. For it either begins and ends as abruptly as the medical diagnosis or it leads the two talkers on into a long and miserable discussion of the weather of yesterday, of the day before yesterday, of last month, of last year and the last fifty years.

Let one beware, however, of a conversation that begins too easily. This can be seen at any evening reception, as when the hostess introduces two people who are supposed to have some special link to unite them at once with an instantaneous snap, as when, for instance, they both come from the same town.

"Let me introduce Mr. Sedley," says the hostess. "I think you and Mr. Sedley are from the same town, Miss Smiles. Miss Smiles, Mr. Sedley."

Off they go at a gallop. "I'm so delighted to meet you," says Mr. Sedley. "It's good to hear somebody who comes from our little town." If he's a rollicking humorist, Mr. Sedley calls it his little old "burg."

"Oh, yes," answers Miss Smiles. "I'm from Winnipeg, too. I was so anxious to meet you to ask you if you knew the McGowans. They're my greatest friends at home."

"The—who?" asks Mr. Sedley.

"The McGowans—on Selkirk Avenue."

"No-o, I don't think I do. I know the Prices on Selkirk Avenue. Of course you know them."

"The Prices? No. I don't believe I do—I don't think I ever heard of the Prices. You don't mean the Pearsons? I know them very well."

"No, I don't know the Pearsons. The Prices live just near the reservoir."

"No, then I'm sure I don't know them. The Pearsons live close to the college."

"Close to the college? Is it near the William Kennedys?"

This is the way the conversation goes for ten minutes. Both Mr. Sedley and Miss Smiles are getting desperate. Their faces are fixed. Their sentences are reduced to—

"Do you know the Peterson?"

"No. Do you know the Applebys?"

"No. Do you know the Willie Johnsons?"

"No."

Then at last comes a rift in the clouds. One of them happens to mention Beverly Dixon. The other is able to cry exultingly—

"Beverly Dixon? Oh, yes, rather. At least, I don't *know* him, but I used often to hear the Applebys speak of him."

And the other exclaims with equal delight—"I don't know him very well

either, but I used to hear the Willie Johnsons talk about him all the time."

They are saved. Half an hour after they are still standing there talking of Beverly Dixon.

An equally unsuccessful type of conversation, often overheard at receptions, is one in which one of the two parties to it is too surly, too stupid, or too self-important, and too rich to talk, and the other labors in vain.

Mr. Grunt, capitalist, is approached by a willowy lady.

"Oh, Mr. Grunt," she is saying, "how interesting it must be to be in your place. Our hostess was just telling me that you own practically all the shoe-making machinery factories east of Pennsylvania."

"Honk," says Mr. Grunt.

"Shoe-making machinery must be absolutely fascinating, is it not?"

"Honk," says Mr. Grunt.

"I should love so much to see one of your factories. They must be so interesting."

"Honk," says Mr. Grunt.

Then he turns and moves away. Into his little piggy eyes has come a fear that the lady is going to ask him to subscribe for something, or wants his name on a board of directors. So he leaves her. Yet if he had known it she is probably as rich as he is, or richer, and hasn't the faintest interest in his factories, and never intends to go near one. Only she is fit to move and converse in polite society and Mr. Grunt is not.

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